A BREAK IN THE ROSENBERG CASE / THEOHARIS

THE NATION

JULY 1, 1978 60 cents

Jules Feiffer
LOVE/HATE AND THE FIRST AMENDMENT

Lebanon's Late and Future War

KAI BIRD & MAX HOLLAND

INTERNMENT CAMPS FOR CITIZENS

The FBI's Forty-Year Plot

ROBERT JUSTIN GOLDSTEIN

Norman Birnbaum Writes To a Friend at the White House

Donald Hall: Adrienne ***[illegible]age***

JOHNSON CITY TN 37601
E TENN ST UNIV
PERIOD DEPT
SHERROD LIB
141378 A62
** 0879
JUN 27 1978

WITHDRAWN

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

evenhanded libel

Washington, D.C.

In reply to Isidore Silver's "Libel, A Weapon for the Right" [*The Nation*, May 20] how would he feel if CBS did a "docudrama" on Alger Hiss, in which Hiss was shown attending numerous C.P. meetings in the 1930s, passing classified information to Whittaker Chambers, and *then* —for "creative, artistic" purposes—was shown justifying these actions in a mythical conversation with his good friend Freda Kirchwey, who then "advised" him to keep it under his hat, so as not to "discredit the Left"? One would hope the good professor would scream bloody murder, and instigate a libel suit on behalf of Hiss and the Kirchwey heirs.

And yet, if ABC presented a "docudrama" on, say, the segregation battles of the 1950s, and—again, for purposes of "drama"—depicted a mythical scene of William Buckley speaking at a White Citizens' Council rally, I gather from Mr. Silver that Mr. Buckley should grin and bear it, since he represents the "Right," whereas Mr. Hiss and Miss Kirchwey represent the "Left." . . . *Andy Moursund*

New York City

If it is true that "hard cases make bad law," then "worst cases" can make no law—or law reform—at all. The "worst case" conception—limited as it is only by the capacity of the creator to imagine the greatest conceivable horrific—is unsound philosophically as well as pragmatically, especially in a system where men must administer vague and complicated legal principles. The deficiencies of worst-case hypotheticals are most apparent in the realm of television docudrama; the "fairness doctrine" would require that Buckley and/or Hiss have an opportunity to refute the ludicrous charges.

Is free speech capable of abuse? Yes. Is the answer to abuse suppression (before or after the fact) and inevitable "chilling" of future speech, or—as Brandeis said—"more speech"? The latter, I believe. Is a public official or public figure (both Buckley and Hiss would qualify as the latter) able to obtain media space for a reply to vilification in a system that cherishes confrontation? I think so. Has libel law always been skewed, by its very principles, toward protection of the powerful? Yes—if my reading of the real, rather than the fanciful, cases is accurate. . . .

As a lawyer, I would discourage suits in both of Mr. Moursund's hypothetical cases. As a writer, I would try to communicate my fear that, on balance, the great danger is that of a supine, rather than venturesome, press; I believe that the "worst cases" of the Cohn and Firestone suits are more significant than any examples to the contrary. Indeed, some Supreme Court decisions since my piece appeared demonstrate that the "effect" as well as the (presumed) "neutrality" of the law must be evaluated.

Isidore Silver

'man's' fate

Fresno, Calif.

. . . I feel in general that you take a nonsexist, pro-feminist position. However, over the past few issues, I have noticed "men," or "man" when the whole population was meant. . . . For example, in your editorial on disarmament [May 27], you say, ". . . we raise the truly capital questions about arms and men," etc. I know the literary reference is nice, but the sentence is chauvinist.

Elizabeth M. Fox, Ph.D.

With respect, the first meaning given by Webster for "man" is "a member of the human race," and we deny that the usage is chauvinistic when that meaning is unmistakably intended. Attempts to avoid it involve a writer in infelicities that do no service to the language or to women's rights, a cause we vigorously support. —*The Editors*

EDITORIALS

The Cannibals

Sen. Clifford Case, four-term incumbent Republican Senator from New Jersey, who six years ago defeated his Democratic opponent by a margin of 780,000 votes, was defeated in the June 6th primary, not so much by conservative Republican votes as by the clever tactics of "the New Right." The polls had shown Case to be a 3-to-1 favorite; his seniority and influence in the Senate should have assured his renomination. He had the support of twenty of the state's twenty-one county chairmen as well as every Republican in the state legislature. Overconfidence and the fact that his 74 years were beginning to take their toll were minor elements in Senator Case's defeat; nor were issues decisive. Two factors were of prime importance: the "generational" fact that time is rapidly running out on the liberal Republicans and the efficient tactics used by Jeffrey Bell, Case's 34-year-old opponent, who managed to win by a margin of 3,500 of some 200,000 votes cast, one of the lowest turnouts for a Republican primary in the state's history.

Modern liberal Republicanism dates from Eisenhower's 1952 victory which, after four Roosevelt terms and the Truman years, robbed traditional conservative Republicans of the triumph they thought they had earned by long years of party service. Not that Eisenhower was any less conservative on most domestic issues but, in the eyes of the liberal Republicans, he was more manageable, highly electable and no isolationist. For two terms the liberal Republican Senators enjoyed the protection of his prestige and popularity. Like their twins, the liberal Democrats, they supported the administration's bipartisan cold-war policies and the "corporate liberalism" it tolerated as the price of that support. In brief, they enjoyed the best of two worlds: with their right flank protected, they could appeal to organized labor, minorities, independents and dissident Democrats in the populous states in which most of them had their base. They could and did support the Nixon-Lodge ticket in 1960, Lodge's nomination being a concession to them. But in 1964 trouble beset them. Unable to agree at an early date on a candidate, they permitted the gallant William Scranton to be devoured by the forces of an angry Right at the San Francisco convention. Instead of moving toward the Center after the convention, as Nixon would have done, Goldwater and William Miller (remember him?) moved even further to the Right and were soundly trounced by Johnson. I reported at the time that the Goldwater contingent seemed more interested in their feud with the liberal Republicans than in winning the election. In 1968, George Romney waged an inept campaign for a month or two and then bowed out, as did Nelson Rockefeller, thereby handing the nomination to Nixon by default.

Over this span of years the liberal Republican Senators, unable to coalesce when unity was needed (largely because Rockefeller's on-again, off-again attitude kept them off balance), were content to win their re-elections on the basis of name recognition, seniority and excellent service to the interest groups they represented (as a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

580596

whole, they were able Senators). But some began to feel that there was no future for them in the Republican Party. Wayne Morse was the first to switch registration; more recently Donald Riegle (Michigan), Edward Zorinsky (Nebraska), and Floyd Haskell (Colorado), all originally Republicans, switched parties; so did Rep. Peter Peyser in New York. After the 1972 election, the right wing, which had been raising prodigious sums to support Reagan by way of carrying on its ideological feud with other elements in the party, held a series of conferences. Should they break with the GOP and launch a third party? Should they simply preach the holy doctrine and abstain from active politics? Or just what should they do?

Out of these discussions a plan emerged: to capture control of the GOP by bumping off liberal Republicans, one by one, in primary contests. This tactic of "cannibalism" depended largely on direct-mail appeals to right-wing lists for financial support on single issues which the conservative candidate espoused. The issues selected were the emotional ones, the so-called "hot buttons": guns, capital punishment, abortion, pornography, "anti-gay" measures, the Panama Canal, etc. Organizations were set up with fancy names to make such appeals, under expert direction, to new money elements in the Sun Belt and the Western states. Of the $500,000 Jeffrey Bell spent in the New Jersey primary, 85 percent came from out-of-state sources. And Bell used the same direct-mail approach in his successful bid for the nomination—at a cost of, roughly, $5 a voter. Direct-mail campaigns are intended not so much to build organizational strength as to exploit the "politics of grievances." In a low-turnout primary election, the sorehead vote can make heavy inroads on regular party support.

A year ago (April 2, 1977), Senator Mathias warned in *The Nation* that if the liberal Republicans did not get off the ground soon they were doomed. Some time later the New Leadership Fund was set up, under the prompting of the Ripon Society, but this initiative was belated and little has been heard of it. Last fall eight Republican Senators signed an open letter denouncing the "cannibalism" of the Right but nothing much came of their protest. The "hit lists" continued to circulate; more and more funds were solicited for selected candidates in primary campaigns. Concurrently a number of old-line conservative Republicans announced that they were stepping down, and that opened the way for "the New Right" to take control of the Republican Steering Committee. Many of the state organizations are today in the hands of the Right—which includes the Young Republican groups. The strategy is to capture control of the Republican Party nationally; to make it an ideologically consistent party, hawkish, tough on domestic welfare programs, preaching a doctrine of individual self-sufficiency in an age of expanding corporate power allied to Big Labor. Kevin Phillips, one of the New Right's ideologues, has conceded that control of the GOP is the prime objective, even if it

Notice to Our Readers

The Nation's summer schedule will be in effect during July and August. The next issue will be dated July 8-15.

IN THIS ISSUE

July 1, 1978

EDITORIALS

2 The Cannibals; The Anti-Tax Parade; Spy Farce; Varieties of Freedom

5 A Break in the Rosenberg Case *Athan Theoharis*

ARTICLES

7 International Firing Range: Lebanon's Late and Future War *Kai Bird & Max Holland*

10 Internment Camps for Citizens: The FBI's Forty-Year Plot *Robert Justin Goldstein*

16 *Open Letter to a White House Friend: Tough Talk Is No Foreign Policy* *Norman Birnbaum*

19 Love/Hate & the First Amendment *Jules Feiffer*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

21 Rich: The Dream of a Common Language *Donald Hall*

22 Lelchuk: Shrinking *Brina Caplan*

23 Rader: Miracle *Jack Miles*

25 Cochran: Labor and Communism *Richard J. Walton*

25 The Certainty of Bees (poem) *Nina Schneider*

26 Espinosa and Zimbalist: Economic Democracy *David Morris*

27 Films *Robert Hatch*

27 Architecture *Jane Holtz Kay*

28 Dance *Nancy Goldner*

Editor VICTOR NAVASKY

Publisher HAMILTON FISH

Executive Editor ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor ELIZABETH POCHODA

Contributing Editor BLAIR CLARK

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, GRACE SCHULMAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Dance, NANCY GOLDNER; Architecture, JANE HOLTZ KAY; Advertising Manager, SUSAN ELLEN HEITLER; Circulation, GLORIA SANGSTER.

Latin America, PENNY LERNOUX; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD.

The Nation is published weekly (except for first week in January, and bi-weekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and copyright 1978 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year, $21.00; two years, $37.00. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign. Foreign subscriptions: equivalent U.S. funds.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: **The Nation** is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION *Volume 227 No. 1*

JUN 27 1978

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
Johnson City, Tennessee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

means leaving a weak middle-of-the-road Democrat in the White House. Better that than to see a representative of the Republican Establishment there; he just might lead a fight to scuttle the long-range plans of the Right. In recent off-year elections, the "New Right" has backed winning candidates in four Congressional elections. Now Case is the latest victim, Edward Brooke is an inviting target and Javits, 76, may not seek re-election.

But a new development has given a great lift to the New Right's prospects. Until now, it has imitated the Left's tactic of former years, that of exploiting and organizing discontents. But now, in the wake of Jarvis and Gann's "new revolution" in California, these various discontents can be drawn into the orbit of an overall campaign to cut property taxes—not, mind you, to plug tax loopholes or to increase taxes on corporate interests but to cut taxes "across the board." Isn't that fair, they say? Rep. Jack Kemp's proposed 30 percent cut in federal taxes is one of several such proposals. Cutting property taxes is a popular issue, the more so since it is not harnessed to any suggestion that some taxes might well be increased; two-thirds of the benefits of Jarvis-Gann will go to corporate interests.

The GOP has within it some promising people who might succeed in reconstituting it as a viable opposition party. In California, Ken Maddy and Pete Wilson, who were defeated in the recent gubernatorial primary, could have bright futures if it weren't for the party's right wing. However, the majority preferred Evelle J. Younger, who might best be described as a conservative conservative. Gov. James Thompson of Illinois is another fine prospect and there are others. But how can these elements prevail in a party in which "cannibalism" by the Right arouses such slight organized opposition? "Inert" is the word Jeffrey Bell uses to assess the GOP organization in New Jersey. If the GOP is inert, the Democratic Party is listless and apathetic. In New York, there is virtually no interest in the midterm issues conference to be held later in the year; most Democrats are convinced that President Carter wants a "tame" conference. In today's political environment, one devoid of new issues, new ideas, or fresh initiatives, a party of the Right which pools prevailing discontents and stresses a program to "cut taxes" can exert a powerful leverage on policy, even though a Democrat remains in the White House. And who knows what it might accomplish in the future in the absence of a well-organized Left opposition capable of moving the Democratic Party off dead center? CAREY MCWILLIAMS

The Anti-Tax Parade

A famously entertaining spectacle is that of watching politicians rush to get ahead of the crowd so they can lead the march, once they know its direction. The comedy is a bit less amusing when the President, the Vice President and the influentials in Congress are busy scrambling into leadership positions in the Great Tax Revolt after the California vote on Proposition 13.

Governor Brown, characteristically, had levitated himself into the vanguard of the parade of the oppressed middle class even before the vote was taken. On his way up to grab the revolutionary standard he casually shucked his own previous opposition to Proposition 13 in the form of the less drastic Proposition 8. Only his sister, Kathleen Brown Rice, a member of the Los Angeles School Board which has had to cancel the "frill" of summer classes, seemed to notice the switch—she and her colleagues told the Governor that there should be another referendum on the November ballot that would wipe out the windfall profits of the real estate interests, thus reducing the revenue losses from $7 billion to $3 billion. Jerry Brown, sniffing the political breeze, told his sister that was "a bit premature."

In Washington meanwhile, from President Carter on down, the politicians are vying with one another for the deepest genuflection toward the "will of the people" as expressed in the California vote. Howard Jarvis, the real estate lobbyist who was the architect of the thing, was greeted in Congress as if he were on a triumphal tour. The right-wingers in those halls are ecstatic and the Members somewhat to their Left are terrified.

This whole tax-revolt business could almost be cast as slapstick. For one thing, the inevitable effect will be to magnify the role of central government in the national life, the exact opposite of what conservatives say they like. Revenues lost at the local level will have to be made up for at the state and federal levels, beyond the control of the local communities.

Then what about the "reform" of the national tax system which candidate Carter promised when he called it "a disgrace to the human race"? Nothing has been done about it and the White House is mute as it contemplates, or overlooks, the fact that the proportion of government revenues coming from corporations has fallen from 31 percent in 1952 to 14 percent in 1975. Instead, Carter has begged for the "confidence" of the already cocky corporate community.

One Senator who has stayed out of the stampede to board the anti-tax bandwagon is George McGovern and his voice rings out the more clearly because he is almost alone in that position. In his farewell speech as president of Americans for Democratic Action, McGovern attacked Carter for a "leadership of style over substance," focused on the defense budget as the fiscal villain and noted the peculiar factors in California that led to the huge vote for Proposition 13 (including the fact that the state's property taxes were half again above the national average).

He accused the administration of "compounding the deeper causes and the worst inequities of the tax revolt" by such promises as the one to balance the budget by 1981 which, in combination with ever larger defense spending and a tax cut, would "bring economic trouble if he really means it and disillusion if he does not."

McGovern's strong words are particularly striking because they have the Populist ring that marked some of Carter's campaign speeches but has long since disappeared from his language. Seldom has an American President so rapidly accommodated himself to the forces in being, the very things he pledged himself to change. And so he is at, or near, the head of the anti-tax torchlight parade. As usual, however, he does not seem to know where it is heading and shows no inclination to lead it in any direction at all.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spy Farce

One thing we have learned from the recent tit-for-tatism of the Soviet-American game of hide-and-seek is that "I Spy" is played with quite formal rules. Rule one is that when you catch one of the other side's agents with the microfilm on him or her you don't make a fuss about it—you simply expel the clumsy 007. The Russians are furious that we violated this *code espionnage* by throwing out a couple of their small fry with a hurrah worthy of a big fish like Kim Philby. So they dredged out of their copious files Martha Peterson, the Moscow Embassy CIA woman who masquerades as a consular clerk and last summer was caught stashing poison and other spy stuff under a Moscow bridge.

There is nothing new about any of this, except the propagandistic "lukewarm war" aspect of the recent incidents. Right after World War II, it was decided that we would convert the wartime OSS into an espionage apparatus worthy of a great power. The model for the CIA was not the gentlemanly old-boy network of Britain's MI5 and 6, nor Hitler's orthodox General Staff intelligence bureaucracy. Allen Dulles and his like looked instead toward Moscow's KGB and all its acronymic predecessors, with their covert-operational capabilities and famous ruthlessness. After all, it was argued, *that* was the adversary.

So it came about that the CIA became a kind of mirror-image of the KGB, playing the spy game more by the Russian rules than by any of our invention. That meant heavy emphasis on political operations—subversion for short—and we have seen where that crooked trail took us in a score of countries.

The spy trade went on doing its natural thing whatever the temperature of East-West relations and both governments accepted it as normal, playing by more or less the same rules. It was only when Washington made a big fuss about two Soviet employees of the U.N. who had an unhealthy interest in our anti-submarine technology that Moscow felt we had changed the rules and trumpeted the CIA's peccadilloes.

Neither we nor the Russians are about to quit the spy business: both espionage bureaucracies have too much at stake in the way of jobs, perquisites and power. All the rest of us can do is watch this spy game for indications of how the governments, which in theory control their James Bonds, mean to enact their confrontation on the world's stage. Spying, and the publicity about it, has become the Celsius scale of détente.

Varieties of Freedom

I wish every *Nation* reader could have heard Jules Feiffer's eloquent address to the ACLU's National Convocation on Free Speech a few weeks ago, but since many of you couldn't we are reprinting his wise and, yes, witty words on the First Amendment on p. 19.

And I urge anyone concerned with incursions on domestic liberty to follow up Robert Goldstein's chilling account of the mass detention that almost was (see his "Internment Camps for Citizens," on p. 10), by reading his comprehensive, fully footnoted "The American Gulag," to appear in the *Columbia Human Rights Law Review* in the fall.

We have a presumption against printing articles by journalists who have accepted "freebies," so when our own Kai Bird told us he was taking a trip to Lebanon, sponsored by the Association of Arab-American University Graduates, a nonprofit organization of Arab-American citizens, we wished him well but told him we could not publish any articles he produced from the trip.

Mr. Bird and his colleague, Max Holland, returned from their journey resolved not to take another. As they explained it, "Since the trip was billed as a 'fact-finding mission' and promised 'a broad range of first-hand contacts,' we accepted the opportunity on two conditions: that we would be under no obligation to write anything based on the trip, and that we could spend an equal time in Israel. The association agreed.

"To our mutual chagrin, upon arrival in Beirut, we discovered that laying down 'conditions' did not immunize us from the hazards of the journalistic junket. The association evidently had in mind a less than pluralistic approach to 'fact-finding'—and we came to feel that its itinerary was placed almost entirely in the hands of the Palestine Liberation Organization. To gain access to sources outside the PLO and Lebanese leftist circles, we split from the association's itinerary, met with a broad range of Christian and right-wing elements, and spent more than a week interviewing sources in Israel."

All things considered, we decided to print "Lebanon's Late and Future War," by Bird and Holland (p. 7) on its merits as a clear and unbiased look at a country on the eve of yet another confrontation. V.N.

A Break in the Rosenberg Case

Athan Theoharis

Writing in the Editorial Notebook section of the April 28th *New York Times*, Walter Goodman attacked the nameless conspiracy buffs who will seize "any rumor, hint, supposition, any possibility" to support their charge that "an overarching conspiracy" had destroyed the political defendants of the cold-war era. Goodman concludes by lamenting that "Watergate may have created a new and receptive audience for conspiracy theories."

Walter Goodman's unwarranted assumption (and that of others such as Michael Ledeen writing in the May 1978 *Commentary*) is that *because* cases such as the Hiss, Rosenberg and Remington were political cases, their verdicts can be questioned only by those motivated by ideological bias. But whether or not the Rosenbergs, who were executed on June 19 twenty-five years ago, were guilty, papers newly released under the Freedom of In-

Athan Theoharis, professor of American history at Marquette University, is the author of Spying on Americans: Political Surveillance from Hoover to the Huston Plan, *to be published this year by Temple University Press.*

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

formation Act seem worth close inspection for what they reveal about the methods employed by the FBI, the Department of Justice and HUAC (and other Congressional committees) to impeach the integrity and secure the conviction of these people.

For example, files recently released by the Committee to Secure Justice for the Rosenbergs suggest that the FBI engineered a key point in the testimony of the two main prosecution witnesses. An electrifying moment in the trial of the Rosenbergs occurred when Harry Gold, the self-confessed Soviet courier, claimed that his code introduction to David Greenglass, Julius Rosenberg's brother-in-law, was the line, "I come from Julius," thus dramatically tying Julius Rosenberg into the transaction. But the FBI files (the bureau has released only 10 percent of its material on the case) show that neither Gold nor Greenglass spontaneously recalled such a line, and that it emerged as their joint testimony only after extensive FBI prompting.

When taken into custody by the FBI on May 23, 1950, Harry Gold admitted to acting as a courier between Anatoli Yakovlev (a Soviet vice-consul in New York) and the British scientist Klaus Fuchs. Interrogated by the FBI for nine days, Gold at no time mentioned having met Greenglass (or anyone else) in Albuquerque, N.M., or that this meeting had been arranged by Julius Rosenberg. At the end of those days, however, on June 2, Gold told FBI agents that in June 1945, after having met Fuchs in Santa Fe, N.M., he also met an American soldier in Albuquerque. Gold's FBI statement described this meeting:

> I introduced myself to this man as either Frank Kessler or Frank Martin, I cannot recall which. I used some form of recognition, involving the first name of a man, and stating that he had sent me. This individual recognized the password.

We now learn that, in his July 31, 1950 summary report, FBI agent Robert Jensen affirmed that "[deleted] Confidential Informant [deleted] advised David Greenglass logical suspect." The FBI continued to interrogate Gold throughout June and July 1950, showing photographs of Greenglass to Gold and finally on June 15, 1950 securing Gold's identification of Greenglass as the individual referred to in the quotation above. Moreover, in an August 2, 1950 statement to Asst. U.S. Attorney Miles Lane, Gold elaborated on his June 2, 1950 statement, asserting:

> I brought greetings from Ben in Brooklyn, and I produced the irregular shaped piece of cardboard [half of a jello box cover]. Greenglass said, "Oh yes, come in"; smiled. . . . I also met his wife.

On July 6, 1950, Greenglass was indicted and charged with a conspiracy to violate Sub Section (A), Section 32, Title 50 U.S.C. (this charge had nothing to do with the subsequent charge of atomic espionage). Having been taken into custody on June 15, 1950 (in part on the basis of Gold's identification) and his home being searched that day, Greenglass was similarly subjected to extensive FBI interrogation over the next month. The July 6th indictment of Greenglass had a jarring effect on his willingness to testify and on July 17, 1950 he claimed that:

> One Sunday morning in June 1945, a man came to our apartment [in Albuquerque], and said he was Dave from Pittsburgh. This man, who had the proper identification, I believe, introduced himself to me as Dave, although I am not certain of the name he used. . . .

Gold's and Greenglass's testimony diverged disturbingly, and presumably to resolve the discrepancy the FBI on December 28, 1950 arranged for a joint interview with the two men in the New York City prison. FBI agent Walsh's March 5, 1951 report aptly characterized the purpose of this joint meeting: "Gold and Greenglass were interviewed simultaneously by the writer for their concerted effort in recalling the incident." Prior to this meeting, Greenglass (despite his willingness to cooperate with the bureau) could not remember any "I come from . . ." recognition signal, while Gold emphatically insisted having brought "Greetings from Ben." Walsh's December 28, 1950 report details how the particular discrepancies were cooperatively reconciled during this "concerted effort":

> GREENGLASS stated that GOLD introduced himself to him and his wife as DAVID: greenglass [sic] is quite certain about this item and he added that both he and his wife have since recalled that this was the name used by GOLD. Gold asserted that he could not recall definitely what name he used *and to this point* believed that he had used the name of Kessler. *However, in the course of this joint interview* with GREENGLASS, GOLD recalls that the name he did use at the time of his first meeting with GREENGLASS *was commented upon* as being similar or the same as GREENGLASS' name or some relatives [sic] name; therefore, GOLD *now believes* that GREENGLASS's recollection is correct and that he did use the name of "DAVE."
>
> Concerning the reported salutation "Greetings from BEN." GREENGLASS says that *he had no recollection* of such a statement made by GOLD, *pointing out* further that the name BEN would mean nothing to him. GrEENGLASS [sic] proposed that *possibly* GOLD had said "greetings from Julius" which would of course make sense to GREENGLASS. GOLD'S *spontaneous* comment to this was that *possibly* GREENGLASS was right that he had mentioned the name of JULIUS *rather than* Ben. GOLD, however is not at all clear on this point. (Emphasis added.)

Gold's lack of clear recognition "on this point" in time became clear; on March 5, 1951, the bureau reported "that after considerable reflection he [Gold] is quite certain that on the occasion of the first meeting he had with Greenglass he brought greetings from Julius, and that such was done under the direction of Yakovlev."

The issue of this "concerted" testimony is no small matter since the principal case against the Rosenbergs involved the testimony of Gold and Greenglass. Was, then, this a case of FBI officials coaching vulnerable and cooperative witnesses in an attempt to secure a conviction? Perhaps. Or was it a case simply of overkill, an attempt to minimize defense efforts to discredit the government's star witnesses? Perhaps. Whether or not such questions give "fresh work to the cottage industry dedicated to manufacturing theories of conspiracy," as Goodman puts it, they raise serious doubts that warrant research and analysis. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LEBANON'S LATE AND FUTURE WAR

KAI BIRD and MAX HOLLAND

Standing amidst the blackened ruins of downtown Beirut is a gutted cinema, its enormous billboard facing out to the Place des Martyrs and still advertising the management's last program, a French film entitled, *Les Divorcees*. More than a year after the inconclusive end of Lebanon's brutal civil war, there has been no reconciliation and no divorce. Only the presence of 30,000 Syrian "peace-keeping" troops prevents an escalation of intermittent gun battles into full-scale fighting.

An atmosphere of fear pervades the partitioned city; armed robberies and random kidnappings keep people off the streets at night. Businessmen express no confidence in the uneasy political stalemate and refuse to rebuild the devastated commercial and port districts. The Souk Nourieh, the great bazaar just to the west of the Place des Martyrs, is a no man's land of abandoned ruins. The seaside resort hotels, stretching for several kilometers to the west, dominate the city skyline as charred black pillars. There has been war and more of it may lie ahead.

Few doubt that a decisive confrontation is brewing in Lebanon. Another round of civil war will tell heavily on the attempts by Egypt's Anwar Sadat and the Carter administration to achieve a comprehensive settlement of the Arab-Israeli dispute. Everyone agrees that, if the Americans now want a settlement that excludes the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO), then the Palestinians must first be contained in Lebanon. Washington is already rapidly rearming and training a reconstituted Lebanese Army which will attempt within six months what the Syrian troops found politically impossible—the reassertion of Lebanese sovereignty over the Palestinian refugee camps and the disarming of the PLO militia. In the grand scheme of things in the Middle East, conservative interests, including of course the United States and some of the established Arab regimes that pose as social welfare states, are determined to reimpose on Lebanon a system of government based on religious divisions. This determination guarantees renewed sectarian warfare in Lebanon. In the long run, this American-engineered policy is a setback to the hopes of many that secular states devoid of religious fanaticism can grow in the Arab world—thus pushing into the distant future the possibility of a genuine reconciliation between the Arab and Jewish peoples in the Middle East.

The Americans, Israelis, Syrians and Saudis—who earlier cooperated to impose a cease-fire in 1976 and prevent a Lebanese leftist victory in the civil war—are now working to rejuvenate the Lebanese *confessional* system whereby political power is apportioned among the various religious communities. Such a reconstituted sectarian state would be primarily controlled by Christian Maronite banking and commercial interests in alliance with the traditional leaders of the Maronite, Sunni, Shi'ite and Druze religious communities—most of whom own large tracts of land in their mountain strongholds. Not surprisingly, American policy is thus aligned with the conservative Lebanese factions who by adamant opposition to social and electoral reform precipitated the civil war in the first place.

For more than thirty-five years the unwritten national covenant of 1943 has allocated predominant political power to the minority Maronite community. The confessional system dictates that the President must always be nominated from the Maronite community, the Prime Minister must always be a Sunni Muslim, and the Speaker of the Assembly shall be a Shi'ite Muslim. Similarly, parliamentary seats are apportioned according to a formula that gives the Christian communities a majority, though Muslims today constitute at least 65 percent of the population. Nearly all the top ranks of the civil service—and even more important, the army—are filled from among members of the better educated and wealthy Maronite community.

Even before the civil war, the heavy migration of surplus agricultural labor from the economic backwaters of southern Lebanon had begun to exert political stress on the confessional system. The growth of Beirut's already overcrowded slums on the outskirts of the city taxed social services to the breaking point. But in response to these pressures, the government for political reasons refused to raise from the country's commercial interests the revenues necessary to build new schools, low-cost housing and health clinics. The country's tax rate and government expenditures were kept to a minimum. According to the World Bank, public investment of any kind actually declined from 1969-73, while the defense expenditures necessary to deal with increasing security problems rose to more than 25 percent of the national budget. In addition, prices rose 25 percent in the four years leading up to the civil war. Levels of pay, however, remained stable—largely due to the presence of 300,000 unskilled Syrian workers—and this price-wage squeeze led to a bitter round of labor agitation against an unresponsive government. The civil war itself was finally touched off in April 1975, by a fishermen's strike in the southern port city of Sidon.

All this was quite predictable. Even the staid authors of a confidential World Bank report written in March 1975—one month before the first round of civil war—warned that the phenomenally low level of government expenditures on public services could easily lead to political catastrophe: "The growing imbalance between the

Kai Bird has spent, all told, ten years in the Middle East both as a journalist and student. In 1970-71 he studied Middle Eastern history and Arabic at the American University of Beirut. Max Holland is a security assistance specialist and an associate of the Center for International Policy in Washington D.C. Portions of the material in this article were obtained during a recent trip to Lebanon sponsored by the Association of Arab-American University Graduates.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

private sector and public facilities may not only slow down economic growth but it is likely to undermine the delicate political balances on which the system has been established."

The brutal civil war, which took the lives of more than 50,000 people in a country of fewer than 3 million, resolved none of these underlying economic and political imbalances. A solution has eluded the Lebanese largely because a number of foreign powers interfered. Nearly two years ago, at the height of the civil war, an alliance of Lebanese leftists and Palestinians had captured 80 percent of the country and was on the verge of establishing the first secular parliamentary state in the Arab world. But then Syrian troops intervened at the last minute to prevent a leftist victory, believing that the Lebanese leftists could only undermine Syrian President Hafez Assad's own confessionally based (Alawite) military regime in Damascus. The Israelis and Americans, judging that any social democratic government in Lebanon would strengthen the PLO's political power throughout the Arab world, concurred by stepping up their clandestine supply of arms to the Christian right-wing militias.

But today, after nearly two years of Syrian occupation, Assad's troops are able to contain only the occasional gun battles. More than fifteen different militias claim jurisdiction over various districts of Beirut and the outlying mountain regions. Each of the major political partisans in the country—the right-wing Christians, the Lebanese coalition of leftists and the Palestinians—is rearming.

The right-wing Christians are themselves divided between followers of former President Camille Chamoun of the National Liberal Party and Pierre Gemayal, leader of the rightist Phalangist Party. The Phalangists have the larger and more disciplined of the two major Christian militias and tend to cooperate closely with the Syrians. (Phalangist gunmen were responsible for the recent assassination of Tony Franjieh, son of a former Lebanese President and leader of yet another Christian faction in the northern mountains. These intra-Christian clashes are sparked by competition among the Christian mountain barons for commercial advantage and hold little ideological significance.) The Chamounists, a more fanatical breed, distrust the Syrians and are often blamed for arbitrarily initiating gun fights with the Palestinians or Syrians. Politically, the Chamounists are still pressing for a formal partition of Lebanon, whereas the Phalangists believe they will be able to dominate the whole country if steps are taken under the central government of Lebanese President Elias Sarkis to disarm the Palestinians. The American Embassy is today playing a critical role by trying to convince Chamoun that a reconstituted and American-armed Lebanese Army will really be able to take on the PLO.

The Chamounist military headquarters in east Beirut consists of a towering steel and glass apartment building. Like most of east Beirut, the building shows little evidence of the war. One mortar shell blew away a portion of a tenth-floor balcony, but otherwise the only signs of paramilitary activity are the guards manning a barrier on the driveway. They are armed with American M-16s, a weapon generally disdained by Lebanese gunmen; the plastic frame is produced by Mattel Co., the famous manufacturer of American toys.

Dori Chamoun, the son of former President Camille Chamoun and today the chief of the political wing of his father's party, dislikes the presence of some 350,000 Palestinians in his country. "The Palestinians are like animals in a zoo," says Dori. "They breed like rabbits in those camps and should have no say in Lebanese affairs; they should go to Jordan, let King Hussein kill them off." The sentiment is extreme, but nevertheless an accurate reflection of Christian right-wing opinion.

The Palestinians can still field a force of some 25,000 militia—the largest single militia in the country—but they find themselves increasingly isolated in the chaotic Lebanese political arena. In the past, the traditional communal leaders in the Sunni and Shi'ite Muslim communities felt compelled to give at least rhetorical support to the Palestinian cause. But this nominal endorsement for an "Arab" cause has been significantly eroded in recent weeks. The Sunni and Shi'ite establishments have now broken publicly with the younger generation of Muslim leftists who are aligned with the Palestinians. This rift was in part brought about by the Israeli invasion of southern Lebanon which, not surprisingly, was blamed on the PLO. The Muslim establishment has now been brought into an uneasy accommodation with the less extreme elements in the Phalangist Party; both jointly sponsored a unanimous parliamentary resolution of last April that called for the end of all armed Palestinian activity, the disarming of all paramilitary bodies, the rebuilding of the Lebanese Army on a national basis and the application, without exception, of Lebanese laws to all people living within Lebanese territory.

The resolution was a clear condemnation of the PLO's armed presence in Lebanon; at the same time, it passed Parliament only because a contradicting preface was attached at the last moment, stating that the resolution would not abrogate the 1969 "Cairo Agreement"—which sanctions PLO military camps in designated areas, including South Lebanon and all the refugee camps.

Other than signaling the willingness of the Muslim establishment to make a full break with the Lebanese Left, the passage of an accord under such contradictory circumstances is meaningless. Neither the PLO nor their leftist allies are about to disarm. "This accord was prompted by the Saudis," says Ghussan Alrafai, a ranking politburo member of the Lebanese Communist Party. "And those reactionary Muslim parliamentary leaders cannot execute that which they sign." The accord makes no mention of any enforcing body but the clear presumption is that the reconstituted Lebanese Army, backed by Syrian troops, will disarm the PLO. This process has already begun in South Lebanon, where some 2,000 Lebanese Army personnel have taken up positions south of the Litani River to prevent Palestinian infiltration back into the south.

The Lebanese leftists and the PLO are gearing up for what they believe is an inevitable confrontation. "There

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are difficult times ahead," says Naif Hawatmeh, secretary-general of the Marxist Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine. "We are not interested in another war, but if they attempt to further restrict the Palestinian presence in Lebanon, we shall have to fight."

The ability of the PLO's armed wing to survive another round of fighting would substantially depend on the Lebanese leftist coalition known as the Lebanese National Movement. The Communists, Socialists, Lebanese "Nasserites" and the Lebanese nationalists of the Partie Populaire Syrien continue to draw broad support for their joint program to establish a social democratic system of government. But the movement has been greatly weakened since the assassination in March 1977 of its charismatic leader, Kamal Jumblatt. While the Syrians have been unable to interfere with the PLO's arms supplies, Damascus has made every effort to curtail the Lebanese leftist militias.

"We have to admit," says Walid Jumblatt, leader of the Lebanese National Movement since his father's assassination, "that without the Palestinians we could not really hold our own. We are trying to rebuild our own military faction, but it is very difficult. Under the cover of the Lebanese Army, the Syrians are allowing the right wing to rearm . . . and yet, the Syrians control us. We have to know the exact position of the Syrians; back to the Syrians, we always come back to the Syrians."

Walid Jumblatt at Moukhtara

Moukhtara, native village of the Jumblatts, lies on a slight promontory overlooking a jagged range of mountains. One can see a half dozen other tiny Druze (an 11th-century religion basically stemming from Islam) villages, each inhabited by no more than two or three clans. The Jumblatt ancestral home rests on the foundations of a Crusader castle. The lower rooms of the three-tiered, cut-rock building date back four centuries to when the Jumblatt clan first conquered this stretch of the mountainous Shuf region.

Inside the house today visitors come first into a room full of photographs—news photos of Kamal Jumblatt as a young man traveling in India, shaking hands with Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser and speaking in Parliament as a representative of the Lebanese Druze community. There's also one of him wrapped in a white shroud, lying side by side with the two bodyguards killed with him in a roadside ambush not far from Moukhtara.

Since his father's death, Walid Jumblatt, a lean, nervous young man, has successfully kept the disparate Lebanese leftist coalition united—despite the opposition of the Syrians and the entire Arab world. According to a confidential in-house report of the Chase Manhattan Bank, "The public endorsement by Arab countries of Syria's Lebanese policy was in fact born of that community of interests pushing for the stabilization of the area with as a precondition the eradication of aberrant political opinions, such as the radical nationalism of the Palestinians and of the Lebanese left." Earlier in the same report, President Hafez Assad is referred to as the "pacesetter of the overall trend toward settlement under the auspices of a Pax Americana." There can be no doubt that Syrian, American and Israeli intentions in Lebanon have been entirely complementary since the beginning of the civil war.

But just how "radical" or "aberrant" are the demands of the Lebanese National Movement? "Ours is not a revolutionary party," says Jumblatt. "What we are proposing is quite elementary, certain basic reforms that were achieved in Europe and America some time ago. . . . It's not easy because of the Arab regimes. The element of religion, though they would deny it, is still very strong in all the Arab states."

The struggle to suppress these secular trends in the Middle East is being fought with American weaponry. It's not the kind of sophisticated weaponry of jet fighters, Hawk missiles and concussion bombs that generates newspaper headlines, but it may nevertheless prove decisive in the next Lebanese confrontation.

During the civil war, the Christian right-wing militia were supplied through the Christian-controlled port of Jounieh, several kilometers to the north of the Beirut port (for the next round, right-wing factions have prepared a new international airport, also north of Beirut). The Israelis even allowed the training of Christian militiamen inside Israel and then shipped them back into Lebanon. The French and Americans, meanwhile, sanctioned large sales of weaponry to the right wing. At the height of the civil war in 1976, the State Department licensed the commercial export of $808,229 worth of ammunition, revolvers, riot-control gear and spare parts for armored personnel carriers. In addition, $5 million worth of weapons, ammunition and armored vehicles arrived in Lebanon through the Foreign Military Sales Program at a time when the Lebanese Army had completely disintegrated. Most of this weaponry found its way into the hands of right-wing militia, according to correspondents who remained in the country throughout the war period.

The Carter administration is stepping up the volume of arms transfers to Lebanon to unprecedented levels, despite the strong possibility that such arms will again end up in the hands of right-wing militiamen. The administration has asked Congress for $25 million in arms sales credits for Lebanon in fiscal year 1979, even as a special "supplemental" request of $50 million in credits

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for fiscal 1978 is still pending. All these credits will be needed to meet the recommendations of a U.S. military mission which returned from Beirut in April with an estimate that Lebanon could absorb about $100 million worth of arms over the next two years. Some of the arms being considered for export include anti-tank guided missiles, armored personnel carriers, M-16 machine guns and small artillery.

This relatively small volume of weapons exports can nevertheless have an enormous effect on the internal Lebanese military balance. A mere $50 million in military assistance can go a long way in a small country where a well-equipped force of 15,000 troops could dominate the field. The Carter administration's arms impact statement on Lebanon justifies the assistance to Congress on these grounds: "By assisting in reconstituting the Lebanese Army, the United States is aiding in the restoration of security . . . [and preparing] Lebanon to play the role of a reliable partner in the context of peace arrangements." The "peace arrangements" refer to Sadat's Jerusalem initiative, which is now stalled over a number of thorny issues, among them the Lebanese impasse.

As the recent Congressional debate over the F-15 arms package emphasized, U.S. policy in the Middle East now firmly rests on two of Zbigniew Brzezinski's "regional powers," Israel and Saudi Arabia. The liberal wing of the American foreign policy establishment—popularly celebrated as "*trilateralists*"—are betting that U.S. interests in long-term supplies of Arabian oil and Israel's security can best be defended by shoring up the conservative, basically confessional Arab regimes. The secular aspirations of the Lebanese are a direct threat to traditional, authoritarian regimes like Assad's Syria and Sadat's Egypt, not to mention the puritan Wahabi brand of Islam that prevails in Saudi Arabia. As Jumblatt freely acknowledges, "Any radically secular reform in Lebanon will enhance radical changes throughout the Arab world." Israel, Syria and Saudi Arabia (through its financing of the Syrian peace-keeping force) are defending perceived American interests in Lebanon—as well as their own.

Ridgway Knight, a former U.S. Ambassador to Syria in the 1960s and now a bank official, reveals in rather blunt terms the American attitude toward Assad's Lebanese intervention in a confidential Chase Manhattan letter addressed to David Rockefeller and dated May 6, 1976: "Assad's essential reasonableness is best revealed by his policies towards Israel and Lebanon—which are interwoven. . . . The Syrian President seeks a restoration of a friendly and weak united Lebanon. . . ."

The "weak united" Lebanon envisioned by American interests assumes the continued suffering of the majority of the Lebanese people under an archaic political legacy, a theocracy constructed to defend the commercial and landed interests of an embattled elite. Moreover, the tragedy is that the *stability* imposed with American weaponry will slow the development of exactly the kind of secular trends so necessary to guarantee Israel's long-term security. American policy in Lebanon is wedded to the "restoration" of the same confessional system of government in the Middle East that has bred thirty years of bloody communal violence. □

INTERNMENT CAMPS FOR CITIZENS

THE FBI's FORTY-YEAR PLOT

ROBERT JUSTIN GOLDSTEIN

The following article is based in large part on previously secret FBI documents recently made available.

The emergency detention of alleged and potential political dissidents for noncriminal offenses is one prerequisite for a politically effective repressive regime. The essence of such detention and arrest is that individuals are apprehended but not charged with any criminal violation, that they are detained without normal recourse to legal procedures for defense and release.

Most Americans are at least vaguely aware that summary arrest and detention was applied to 110,000 Japanese-Americans during World War II, and that the so-called Emergency Detention Act, passed as Title II of the 1950 Internal Security (McCarran) Act, empowered the President to order similar action against certain categories of Americans during a declared state of "Internal Security Emergency." With the repeal of the Emergency Detention Act by Congress in 1971, the general public impression was that preparations for such an eventuality had passed from the scene. In fact, the history of authorization and preparations for summary arrest and emergency detention of alleged and potential political dissidents in the United States began before World War II, and persisted for at least four years after repeal of the 1950 Act. Beginning in 1949, the FBI, with Justice Department authorization, made secret plans for emergency detention which would have involved suspension of the writ of *habeaus corpus* and mass arrests of "dangerous" individuals, who would have no right of appeal except to the President. This secret planning continued for eighteen years in defiance of the 1950 Act, the emergency detention procedures of which were thought too restrictive by the FBI and the Justice Department.

The first indication that the FBI was drawing up lists of politically suspect Americans, to be used if there was an occasion for summary arrests on a large scale, came

Robert Goldstein is assistant professor of political science, Oakland University, Rochester, Mich. He is the author of the recently published Political Repression in Modern America: 1870 to Present. *A comprehensive, fully annotated version of this article will appear in the* Columbia Human Rights Law Review *in the fall.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a letter which Atty. Gen. Homer Cummings forwarded from J. Edgar Hoover to President Roosevelt in October 1938. Hoover proposed that FBI political intelligence activities be expanded, and noted that any information "of a subversive or general intelligence character" was already being

> placed upon editorial cards which are filed by name of the subject matter, as well as by name of the individual, so that it is entirely possible to find in the index the collection of names of individuals engaged in any particular activity, either in any section of the country or in a particular industry or movement. . . . [T]here are approximately 2,500 names now in the index of various types of individuals engaged in activities of Communism, Nazism and various types of foreign espionage.

In November 1938, President Roosevelt personally told Hoover that he approved of the proposals in the October letter.

The formal establishment within the FBI of summary arrest lists dates from a letter of December 6, 1939, three months after the outbreak of World War II in Europe, in which Hoover informed all field offices that the agency "is, at the present time, preparing a list of individuals, both aliens and citizens of the United States, on whom there is information available to indicate their presence at liberty in this country in time of war or national emergency would be dangerous to the public peace and safety of the United States." Among the persons FBI agents were instructed to consider for inclusion on the list were those with "strong" Nazi or Communist "tendencies," or with "Communistic, Fascist, Nazi or other nationalistic background," and members of the Socialist Workers Party and "any of the other Communistic organizations, or . . . their many 'front' organizations" and persons reported to be "pronouncedly pro-Japanese." On January 5, 1940, Hoover publicly hinted at the existence of what became known within the FBI as "Custodial Detention" lists when he told a House subcommittee that the FBI had a "general index" which would "in the event of any greater emergency" allow the FBI to "locate immediately these various persons who may need to be the subject of further investigation." In fact, according to an FBI document of the previous December 2, the bureau had already decided to arrest and intern immediately "upon the outbreak of hostilities between the Government of the United States and the Government they serve, support, or owe allegiance to" those persons whose "previous activities" indicated the "probability that they will act in a manner adverse to the best interests of the Government of the United States."

In June 1940 Hoover asked Atty. Gen. Robert Jackson for the first time for policy guidance concerning the Custodial Detention list. Over the Director's protests, the Justice Department then assumed supervision of all emergency detention planning and assigned responsibility to its Neutrality Laws Unit, renamed the Special War Policies Unit after the United States entered the war. During the war, the Custodial Detention list was used only to facilitate the arrest of 16,000 enemy aliens and the internment of 4,000 such persons under the Alien Enemies Act of 1798. While the 1798 Act allowed the detention of enemy aliens without specific charges being made, there was no such authority with respect to citizens, and the Special Unit, despite FBI unhappiness, decided to proceed only against citizens who could be charged under the 1940 Smith Act, the 1917 Espionage Act or other statutes. In fact, the Special Unit supervised about 200 sedition prosecutions under the Smith and Espionage Acts, along with successful denaturalizations of 180 allegedly disloyal naturalized citizens for deportation purposes.

The most extensive program of summary arrest and internment during World World War II—the forced evacuation from the West Coast and subsequent incarceration of 110,000 Japanese-American citizens and aliens in detention camps—was administered by the War Department and authorized personally by Roosevelt, despite FBI objections. The Japanese-Americans were uprooted from their homes for only one reason: their ancestry. They were charged with nothing, were permitted no hearings or appeals and no evidence was produced against them. Roosevelt's evacuation order was later endorsed by Congress and upheld by the Supreme Court in the *Korematsu* case (although the Court did hold in *ex parte endo* that the forced incarceration, as opposed to the evacuation, was unconstitutional as applied to loyal citizens). Political scientist Clinton Rossiter has noted of this affair:

> The government of the United States, in a case of military necessity proclaimed by the President and *a fortiori* when Congress has registered agreement, can be just as much a dictatorship, after its own fashion, as any other government on earth. The Supreme Court of the United States will not and cannot be expected to get in the way of this power.

By 1943, when the tide of war had demonstrably turned, incarcerated Japanese-Americans who were willing to swear their loyalty to the United States and to repudiate Japan began to be released. At about the same time, the prosecutorial activities of the Justice Department's Special Unit began to wind down (partially because all prominent pro-Fascists in the country had already been indicted under the Espionage or Smith Acts). And in July 1943, Atty. Gen. Francis Biddle (who in 1941 had been willing to go along with Hoover's request to wiretap the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce) ordered Hoover to cease compiling and using the "Custodial Detention" lists. Biddle said the lists served "no useful function" since "there is no statutory authority or other present justification for keeping a 'custodial detention' list of citizens." He told Hoover that the "proper" function of the Justice Department was to investigate the activities of persons "who may have violated the law" and that this function was "not aided . . . by classifying persons as to dangerousness." Biddle therefore directed Hoover to cease using the Custodial Detention classification "for any purpose whatsoever."

Despite this clear order from his superior, Hoover in August notified FBI field offices, in effect, to ignore Biddle's directive. Henceforth they were to refer to the "Custodial Detention cards" as "Security Index cards,"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and were to drop any use of the term "Custodial Detention." Hoover told his agents that, despite Biddle's order, the FBI "would continue to prepare and maintain Security Index cards," adding:

> The fact that the Security Index and Security Index cards are prepared and maintained should be considered as strictly confidential, and should at no time be mentioned or alluded to in investigative reports or discussed with agencies or individuals outside the Bureau other than duly qualified representatives of the Office of Naval Intelligence and the Military Intelligence, and then only on a strictly confidential basis.

Thus, by 1943 Hoover already saw the FBI as independent of the supervision and control of his Justice Department superiors. By then FBI agents, unbeknown to anyone outside the bureau, were also reading first-class mail and burglarizing the offices of political dissidents.

With the collapse of the Russian-American alliance after World War II, and the appointment of Tom Clark as Attorney General in 1945, Hoover apparently decided that he had a more sympathetic ear at the Justice Department. On March 8, 1946 (a month after President Truman had told Hoover to give top priority to investigating possible Communist espionage in the United States) the Director wrote Clark that the FBI was maintaining a list of "all members of the Communist Party and any others" who would be "dangerous or potentially dangerous" in the event of a "break in diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union" or other "serious crisis" between the two powers. Without mentioning that the FBI had been maintaining such a list since 1943 in violation of Biddle's directive, Hoover told Clark that in a Soviet-American crisis it might be necessary to "immediately detain a large number of American citizens." He suggested that a study be made to determine what legislation was available or should be sought to "authorize effective action . . . in the event of a serious emergency."

For the next two years, Hoover repeatedly pressed the Justice Department to seek Congressional authorization for an emergency detention program, but the department refused, fearing that such a request would "only bring on a loud and acrimonious discussion." But while rejecting Hoover's appeal for legislation, the Justice Department worked with the FBI from 1946 to 1948 to develop an executive emergency detention program. On August 3, 1948, Justice furnished the FBI with a program, subsequently known as the "Department's Portfolio" which, according to a 1952 internal FBI memo released by the Church Committee, became the basis of "our entire planning and operational procedure to apprehend individuals contained in our Security Index" under an emergency detention plan. The "Portfolio" has never been made public but its provisions are outlined at great length in an internal FBI memo of November 13, 1952, which the Church Committee has published in full. This document, which has been almost ignored, is perhaps the most chilling indication yet available of the extent to which the executive branch was prepared during the cold war to abridge the civil liberties of Americans.

According to the FBI memo on the Portfolio, during a time of "threatened" or actual invasion, war or insurrection, the President could suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* and order the arrest of persons classified as "dangerous" under one master arrest warrant, which would also authorize searches and confiscation of contraband. Persons arrested would be entitled only to a hearing within forty-five days before special "Boards of Review" which would "not be bound by the rules of evidence." There would be no right of appeal, except to the President. In short, persons could be arrested without criminal charges and would never have any access to the courts. Once the President had proclaimed an emergency and put the Portfolio into effect, Congress would be asked to "ratify" his action, along the lines of Congressional after-the-fact approval of Lincoln's suspension of the writ during the Civil War and Roosevelt's Executive Order concerning the forced evacuation of Japanese-Americans.

By September 1949, the FBI had developed guidelines for determining who was "dangerous" enough to be listed under the new detention program. According to Hoover, the ingredients of dangerousness

> consist of two broad elements: (*1*) membership, affiliation or activity indicating sympathy with the principal tenets of the Communist Party or similar ideological groups and the Nationalist Party of Puerto Rico; and (*2*) a showing of one or more of the following:
>
> *a.* activity in the organization, promoting its aims and purposes;
>
> *b.* training in the organization, indicating a knowledge of its ultimate aims and purposes;
>
> *c.* a position in a mass organization of some kind where his affiliation or sympathy as set forth in element one will determine the destiny of the mass organization;
>
> *d.* employment or connection with an industry or facility vital to the national defense, health and welfare;
>
> *e.* possessing a potential for committing espionage or sabotage.

Operating under these guidelines, the FBI reported to the Justice Department in July 1950 that it had listed 11,930 persons on the Security Index, including 11,491 members of the Communist Party, 308 members of the Socialist Workers Party and 131 members of five left-wing fringe groups.

Meanwhile, without telling the Justice Department, the FBI began compiling a separate list known as the "Communist Index"—a "comprehensive compilation of individuals of interest to the internal security," but about whom there was insufficient "disloyal information" to make the Security Index. Within the Security Index, and also unknown to the Justice Department, the FBI compiled a "Comsab" list of Communists with a potential for sabotage, and a "Detcom" list of priority arrestees, consisting of "all top functionaries, all key figures, all individuals tabbed under the Comsab program" and "any other individual who, though he does not fall in the above groups, should be given priority arrest because of some peculiar circumstance."

As the FBI worked on its newly authorized Security Index listings, Congressional passage of the Emergency Detention Act provisions of the McCarran Act in September 1950 posed an embarrassing problem for the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bureau. Even though the agency had been pressing for Congressional authorization, it was now concerned because the Detention Act would actually impose *restrictions* on its Portfolio planning.

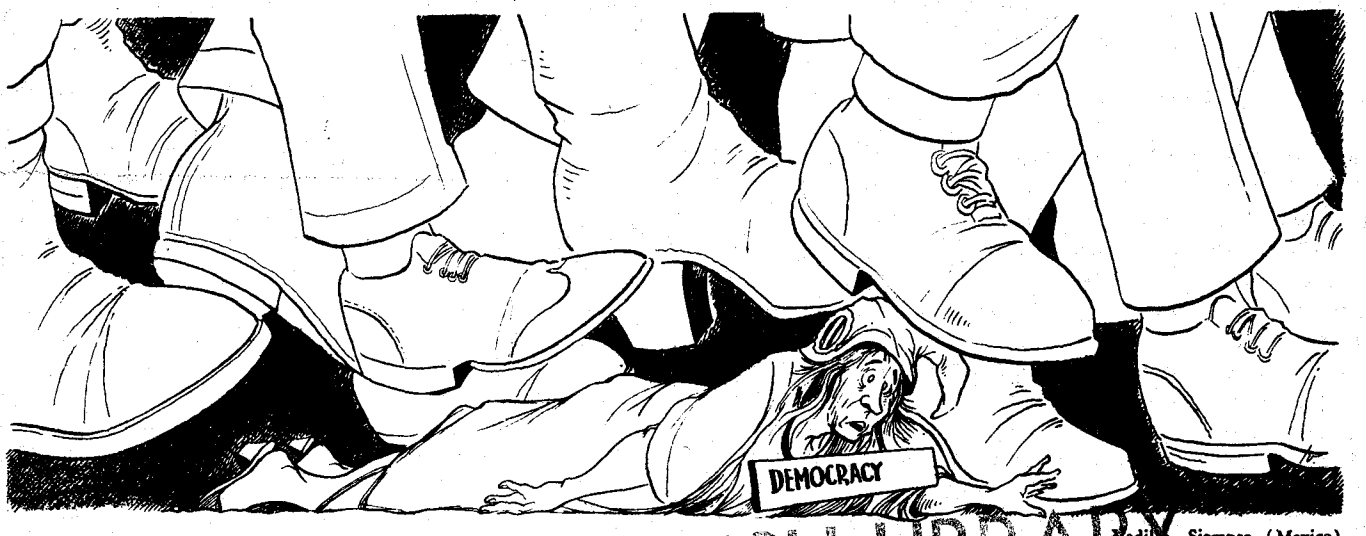
The key provisions of the Act would authorize the President to declare an "Internal Security Emergency" during a period of foreign invasion, declared war or internal insurrection in support of a foreign enemy. In such an "emergency," the President could authorize the Attorney General to detain any person "as to whom there is reasonable ground to believe that such person will probably engage in or probably will conspire with others to engage in, acts of espionage and sabotage." Persons detained would be entitled to an administrative hearing within forty-eight hours before Presidentially appointed hearing officers, to review by an administrative board and to appeal to the U.S. Court of Appeals. However, there would be no court trial and no guaranteed cross-examination or confrontation with adverse witnesses because persons so detained would not be charged with any criminal offense. President Truman, who unquestionably knew about the Portfolio, said very little about the Emergency Detention Act in his stinging veto of the McCarran Act, except to suggest its provisions were not stringent enough. Almost from the moment when Congress repassed the McCarran Act over Truman's veto in September 1950, the FBI began pressing the Justice Department to clarify the situation. While the bureau declined to state that it wished Justice Department authorization to ignore the Detention Act, it is clear from documents printed by the Church Committee that it wanted to follow the Portfolio and ignore the Act, but also wanted Justice to make that policy decision. In a series of meetings and correspondence between FBI and Justice Department officials that stretched out over two years, the FBI repeatedly pressed the department to resolve the issue and pointed out the inhibitions of the 1950 Act.

An internal FBI memo of November 13, 1952, released by the Church Committee, made clear the bureau's position. FBI officials felt the failure of the 1950 law to authorize suspension of the writ "would prove a definite hindrance to the execution of necessary measures to be taken in the event of an emergency. . . ." They also regretted that the Act did not authorize action in a case of "threatened invasion," and pointed out that its failure to provide for a master arrest warrant would require the use of individual warrants which "would be a detrimental, time-consuming procedure." The bureau also complained that the Act's provisions for preliminary hearings within forty-eight hours of arrest "could place a restrictive time element upon the government which would interfere with our apprehension effort." Finally, the FBI fretted that the right of court appeal, and the possibility that rules of evidence would therefore apply, might put "another obstacle in the Government's way in that in order to obtain continued detention of a person considered dangerous we may, in many instances, have to disclose the identities of our informants and confidential techniques" (presumably warrantless wiretaps, burglaries and mail-opening) and this would be a "fatal blow to our subsequent efforts to maintain coverage of subversive activities during an emergency."

Justice Department officials repeatedly intimated that the FBI should simply ignore the law and continue to proceed under the Portfolio; however department officials occasionally referred to the 1950 Act as also guiding policy, thereby leaving the FBI in an almost frantic state of uncertainty. Finally, Atty. Gen. James McGranery wrote Hoover on November 25, 1952: "I wish to assure you that it is the Department's intention in the event of emergency to proceed under the program as outlined in the Department's Portfolio, invoking the standards now used." Thus, the FBI at last got what it wanted: clear, written authorization from the Justice Department to ignore the law.

Unaware of these behind-the-scenes events, Congress in 1952 appropriated $775,000 to set up six detention camps for future detainees. However, by 1957, fighting domestic communism had lost its political appeal, and Congress ceased to appropriate funds for the camps after that date. They were gradually leased, sold or given to state governments or, in the case of the Allenwood, Pa. camp, turned into a minimum security federal prison.

Meanwhile, the FBI Security Index listings grew from 11,930 in 1950, to 13,901 in 1951, 19,577 in 1952 and a peak of 26,174 at the end of 1954, including 11,033



adilla, Siempre (Mexico)

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

listed on the Detcom and Comsab priority arrest lists. After 1954, the bureau was apparently influenced by the easing of concern about domestic communism (or perhaps by the collapse of the Communist Party, whose membership had fallen to less than 25,000 in 1954, compared to about 70,000 in 1946 and would fall to a few thousand by the end of the 1950s); the Security Index was reduced to 12,870 by mid-1958 and to 11,982 by mid-1959. Persons removed from the Security Index were placed on a revised version of the Communist Index, which itself was reduced in 1959 from 17,793 to 12,784. In 1960, the Communist Index was renamed the Reserve Index, and divided into two groups: Section A included "a special group of individuals who should receive priority consideration with respect to investigation and/or other action" following Security Index arrests in an emergency; Section B included others viewed as posing a lesser "potential threat in time of an emergency." Among persons suggested for inclusion on Section A, according to one internal FBI memo, were Norman Mailer and a former history teacher, described as being "recently fired for praising Premier Khrushchev before his history class and stating that the pilot of the U-2 plane should be executed by the Reds." In May 1962, the FBI placed Dr. Martin Luther King on Section A of the Reserve Index.

During the early 1960s, the major development was the listing in the Security Index of persons regarded as engaged in "pro-Castro Cuban activities." Almost 200 such persons were added to the Security Index by 1961, and during the 1962 Cuban missile crisis, a special "Cuban Section" was set up within the index. After the assassination of President Kennedy and the discovery that Lee Harvey Oswald was not listed on the Security Index, new criteria of "dangerousness" were added, including unexplained or sympathetic contacts with Communist bloc "establishments" or intelligence agents, returning Soviet bloc defectors, statements or activities suggesting a person's loyalty would lie with "Communist nations" during an armed conflict, training and/or participation in "espionage, sabotage or intelligence activities" and a "history of emotional instability or irrational behavior on the part of an individual with a subversive background whose prior acts depict a propensity for violence and hatred against organized government."

During the increasing domestic conflict of the mid-1960s, public attention was focused on the emergency detention provisions of the 1950 McCarran Act for the first time in more than a decade. With the 1966 publication of Charles R. Allen's *Concentration Camps, USA*, and the call in 1968 by the House Un-American Activities Committee for the use of McCarran Act detention centers for the "temporary imprisonment of warring guerrillas," rumors swept the anti-war movement, and especially the black community, that the government was preparing to detain radicals in concentration camps. The resulting increased publicity given to the Emergency Detention Act eventually led to Congressional hearings and, in 1971, to repeal of the Act.

The public attention given the McCarran Act appears to have led to renewed interest in the subject by the executive branch. After the October 1967 Pentagon demonstration protesting the war in Vietnam, President Johnson ordered a comprehensive review of governmental plans, and Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark (former Atty. Gen. Tom Clark's son) was appointed chairman of a committee to review Presidential documents concerning emergency detention. Soon, after eighteen years of ignoring McCarran Act provisions, the President and the Justice Department approved revised emergency detention standards that were clearly designed to comply, at least in spirit, with the 1950 law.

While the Justice Department worked on revising emergency detention guidelines, the FBI continued to update its Security Index listings. The major development in this area during late 1960s was a decision in April 1968 to abandon the previous policy of relying heavily on evidence of involvement by individuals in suspect organizations like the Communist Party or the Fair Play for Cuba Committee as a basis for listing, in order to cope with the fact that many "New Left" leaders had no organizational memberships. FBI field offices were told that they should not neglect Security Index investigations of New Left individuals whose "potential dangerousness" to the internal security was "clearly demonstrated by their statements, conduct and actions," simply because "no membership in a basic revolutionary organization could be established." The "top national and state leadership of basic subversive organizations, leaders of anarchistic groups, individuals who have shown greatest propensity for violence, as well as those who have special training in sabotage, espionage, guerrilla warfare, etc." would be now subject to priority apprehension in an emergency, with secondary level leadership and individuals "who present significant threat but are in less influential positions" given second priority, and all other persons on the Security Index, "made up mainly of rank and file members," standing third in line.

After the Justice Department established new criteria for Security Index listings in September 1968, the FBI agreed to accept these guidelines and the FBI manual was revised accordingly. However, the FBI chose to interpret the already flexible guidelines in an expansive way. Thus, in May 1969, FBI field offices were instructed to investigate all persons connected with regional offices of SDS for possible inclusion on the Security Index, and in October 1970 this was expanded to include investigations of *all* members of SDS and other "pro-Communist New Left-type" groups for possible listing. In April 1970, field offices were directed to investigate *all* members of every "commune" (defined by the FBI as a group of individuals "residing in one location who practice communal living, i.e., they share income and adhere to the philosophy of a Marxist-Leninist-Maoist-oriented violent revolution") for possible inclusion on the index.

As the FBI continued to extend its net for potential Security Index listees, public sentiment against the war and against prosecutions of anti-war leaders and the rediscovered Emergency Detention Act provisions began to affect Congress. In 1971, both houses voted to repeal the Emergency Detention Act, and to require that in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

future "no citizen shall be imprisoned or otherwise detained by the United States except pursuant to an act of Congress." The bill was passed 356 to 49 in the House, and by voice vote in the Senate, and was signed by President Nixon, who had previously indicated no strong objections to repeal. As political scientist Richard Longaker has written, Congress clearly intended not to "reserve detention for itself" but to "do away with it."

Given this Congressional intent, and the fact that the Justice Department and, at least in theory, the FBI were basing their entire emergency detention planning on the authority of the now-defunct law, the FBI and Justice Department were obligated to abolish the Security Index and to stop all preparations for emergency detention. However, the FBI, with the open connivance of the department, continued to amass names for another four years by simply renaming the Security Index the Administrative Index (ADEX), on the theory that in an emergency the President might ask Congress for new emergency detention authority and a list for making immediate arrests would again be needed. Despite the repeal, top FBI officials concluded that other statutory authority, such as the Smith Act and various Presidential Executive Orders, supported their right to maintain the Security Index. However, as had been the case after the Act was passed in 1950, FBI officials wanted Justice Department authorization to ignore the law.

Thus, on September 30, 1971, immediately after President Nixon signed the repeal, the FBI Director wrote to Atty. Gen. John Mitchell that, while the FBI had "discontinued all planning for emergency apprehension and detention of those subjects listed in the Security Index," and had "discontinued operation of the Security Index," the repeal had not "eroded the FBI's authority and responsibility to conduct investigations of subversive activities and related matters" nor the FBI's authority and responsibility "to keep and maintain administrative records, including various indices, which may be necessary in fulfilling such responsibility and authority." In reply, Mitchell told Hoover that repeal of the Act did not affect the FBI's authority to investigate "subversive activities and related matters" nor did it "alter or limit the FBI's authority and responsibility to record, file and index information," such as an "administrative index compiled and maintained to assist the bureau in making readily retrievable and available the results of its investigations into subversive activities and related matters."

The correspondence between Hoover and Mitchell displays the duplicity that runs through all the emergency detention planning. Hoover's letter never mentions the real purpose of the FBI "administrative index," which an August 1972 internal FBI memo identified as "an outgrowth of the old Security Index program" designed to meet any future circumstance in which a President might "go to a joint session of Congress and ask for emergency legislation permitting apprehension and detention of persons who threatened the existence of the government." Similarly, Mitchell's reply never acknowledged this real purpose. Yet, according to a Church Committee staff report, the Justice Department had "informal" knowledge that the FBI regarded the index "as a continuation of the previous detention list."

Once Mitchell gave the go-ahead, the FBI combined the old Security and Reserve Indexes into the newly named Administrative Index. In August 1972, a few months after Hoover's death, the FBI drastically revised the ADEX standards and reduced the number of persons listed from 15,259 to 4,786. Referring to "conditions existing today, particularly with respect to emphasis on invasion of privacy and other First and Fourth Amendment rights," an internal FBI memo conceded that "the current criteria for designating individuals for ADEX are too broad and all-encompassing" and "as a result, there are some individuals now included in ADEX even though they do not realistically pose a threat to national security." The new standards were designed to include only persons who "represent an *actual danger now* to the national security."

In May 1973, as the result of a general revision of the FBI manual designed to move away from "heavy reliance upon Presidential directives" to an approach "based on existing Federal statutes," FBI field offices were informed that the ADEX was henceforth to be regarded as "strictly an administrative device" that should play no part in "investigative decisions or policies." When the FBI admitted the existence of the ADEX in October 1975, the list had been reduced to 1,300 names. Shortly thereafter, according to a Church Committee staff report, the ADEX was completely abolished, thus purportedly ending all FBI planning for emergency detention and summary arrest of American citizens for the first time in thirty-six years.

Given the long history of FBI duplicity, including withholding information from the Justice Department, conniving with the Justice Department to ignore Congressional will, and carrying out grossly illegal activities such as mail opening and burglaries for a prolonged period, it is difficult to put great faith in the FBI claim that it has ceased to plan for emergency detention. Even though the ADEX may have been abolished, if the list was ever computerized it could almost certainly be reconstituted in short order, and once more pose a grave threat to the basic protections of the Constitution. But perhaps the most serious threat from secret and illegal government operations and planning such as the emergency detention preparations and other now-revealed FBI operations is their general threat to the health of a democracy: the willingness of the government to tell the people the truth, and the willingness of the people to believe what the government tells them. Recent revelations about a large number of FBI and CIA operations have raised increasing questions as to whether what the public was told corresponded to what was known to a small number of high-ranking governmental officials. Under emergency detention planning, governmental officials would have placed the burden of proving innocence on those it arrested; what has now been revealed about governmental activities virtually requires that the government itself must bear the burden of proving its innocence. Neither condition signifies a healthy democracy. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OPEN LETTER TO A WHITE HOUSE FRIEND

Tough Talk Is No Foreign Policy

June 12, 1978

Dear ———

The President is in danger. A policy of confrontation with the Soviet Union in Africa, which would sacrifice the possibility of a new SALT agreement, will evoke a challenge in the 1980 primaries. If the policies against which the President campaigned in 1976 now shape his own foreign policy, a substantial number of Democrats will seek alternatives. No one can predict the results, but the Coalition for a Democratic Majority isn't the only group that can sit out an election.

In the long run, it is the substance and not the appearance of Presidential policies that matters. Those who urge "toughness" upon the President because that will look good are thrice wrong. Were there a Federal Drug Administration in foreign affairs, it would warn that the label "toughness" covers a quack concoction, with effects from nil to disaster. The warning may be superfluous; after Vietnam, most Americans know how to read political fine print. "Toughness" commands a diminished share of the political market. If Africa is to be made the scene of a more confused version of Vietnam, the nation's domestic problems will worsen. The President's own early initiatives in foreign policy (human rights, arms control, the response to global famine and poverty) will fail. The "toughness" now argued upon the President will undermine his Presidency; indeed, it has begun to do so. Large doubts have been cast upon his large rhetoric. Congressional probing and resistance, the divided counsel and policies of our allies, the stubborn refusal of African realities to lend themselves to stupefying simplifications have deprived his words of weight.

As a veteran of the McCarthy and McGovern campaigns, you know that those who insist that their policies alone represent the "national interest" are more anxious about the American people than about the Soviet Union. The self-appointed custodians of the "national interest" seek to monopolize the definition of that interest. Their constant depiction of the Congress as an obstacle to the conduct of a rational foreign policy, their fear of public opinion as likely to get out of hand, expresses a pervasive disregard for the substance of democracy. The "national interest" can be decided only by the nation itself. Those who insist on the esoteric nature of their knowledge of the complexities of foreign affairs are not above recourse to colossal vulgarization when the public's anxiety can be played upon. If anxiety and vulgarization are at issue, however, the administration can always be outbid.

The administration's repeated warnings that Congress and the public will link the SALT agreement to Africa contribute very substantially to that linkage. African instability, like instability everywhere, underscores the necessity of SALT. If the administration encourages the ideological infantilism of the hawks, it will give them the means to drive it out of office. The new Manichaeans do not want competitive coexistence: they cannot bear the thought that our nation is not omnipotent.

The President said earlier that we had overcome our inordinate fear of communism. Those urging actual confrontation upon him fear everything in our human future. Aggressive and hateful in voice, frenzied in temper, paranoid in substance, the spiritual hard hats envisage nothing less than the mobilization of America's reserves of chauvinism and rage to conquer the Presidency. Their chosen instrument was once the pallid Henry Jackson. It is now the far more florid Moynihan. Their motives are mixed. Some cannot forgive the President his Mideast policy. Others fear for their wealth and security, threatened by real or imaginary enemies within as well as without. (The Podhoretzes, alternatively attributing "appeasement" to homosexuality and ghetto crime to "liberal" tolerance, exemplify the irrationality and rapaciousness of those for whom all balance and compassion are spent.) Still others consider that human rights are insufficient grounds to criticize our allies. No doubt, they will be pleased to be aligned with both the Chinese and the South Africans in defense of that murderous clown, Mobutu. The problem of Africa, the SALT talks, the tragedy of Soviet dissent and Soviet Jewry, are but excuses for the hawks. They seek a world in their own image, even if they have to destroy this one to get it. By making concessions to them, the President will only encourage their voracity for power. He should attempt to pre-empt the Center, rather than run after the Right.

Our politics are in danger of being submerged by the heated visions of those who have lost their cool. Joseph Kraft has declared that, in the end, the African allies of the Soviet Union will be in position to cut off Western oil supplies. He urges that we respond now, by a naval blockade of Cuba. To respond to hypothetical future pressures upon us by an anticipatory act of war is inane. Kraft's parody of strategic discourse is so alarming because it is so authentic.

Inevitably, a member of the administration has found that the Soviet Union is testing its (the administration's) manhood. The phrase is curious in a country, a majority of whose population is female. It suggests how right the federal government is to offer comprehensive medical benefits to its employees. Those who see in foreign policy a challenge to their own virility should be granted immediate medical leaves. Alternatively, they should be directed to test their manhood against the oil companies—or in the inner cities.

Let us be serious. Even if the President's present course wins him a few points, temporarily, in the polls—the problems of the world will not respond to these nostrums. There is no large demand in this country for a military challenge to Cuba or to the Soviet Union in Africa. There is a majority for a SALT agreement, which the President

Norman Birnbaum has edited Beyond the Crisis *(Oxford, 1977)—an analysis of industrial society by American and European thinkers. He has close ties to the French Socialists.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can galvanize if he wishes. Meanwhile, the administration's new approach to Africa is a contribution to the destabilization of world politics.

Africa is not a vacuum. The vacuum left by imperial retreat has been filled—by dictatorships, by ethnic, tribal and religious wars, by economic and political conflicts. We have not been absent from the contention for imperial succession—we have been rather ineffective. Before the Cubans arrived, Arabs, British, French and Israelis fished in troubled African waters. In states "radical" as well as "moderate," ruling elites exploit their peoples. It is true that the "radicals" use the verbiage of "socialism," regard Western capital with suspicion, and take Soviet arms. The "moderates" favor Western capital, and use our arms. In both camps the problem is not the rate of development but the failure of development. In these circumstances, to view Africa as primarily an arena of East-West competition is to do violence to the historical understanding. Both Kaunda and Nyere have made it clear that if that is our aim, they wish to be counted out.

The President is undoing his administration's good work in Africa. When he took office, our African legacy was troubled. There was American investment in South Africa, and ostentatious indifference to its racial problem. We backed the Portuguese against the national liberation movements. Our intervention in Angola, in complicity with the South Africans, was typically crude and (no less typically) unsuccessful. The Congressional revolt against Kissinger's Angolan policy, now depicted as putting undue constraints on the President, was actually the precondition of the President's modest but definite African successes. Kissinger was once told he was unwelcome in Nigeria—but the President was received there. Our pressure upon both the Rhodesian and South African white regimes, and the beginnings of a new economic policy (especially our willingness to consider commodity price stabilization) were positive. No African leader expected the United States to advocate an African path to socialism (we could do much worse—and probably will). Most African leaders responded to a policy somewhat independent of immediate considerations of economic advantage and of our struggle with the Soviet bloc.

The beginnings of achievement in Africa are now to be swept aside. Zaire has enormous mineral wealth—and staggering international debts, not least to American banks. It also has, in equal measure, corruption, misery and oppression. Its internal ethnic and economic conflicts would be hard to resolve under the most favorable conditions. We propose, by backing Mobutu, to perpetuate unfavorable ones. An American diplomat in Zaire explained that Mobutu is a bastard—but he is our bastard. The first part of the proposition is true, but the second does not follow from it.

The Paris conference on Zaire was convoked with a bang and ended with a whimper. The ragtag "Pan-African" force being sent to Zaire will impress no one. The Moroccans, and units from a few weak states enfiefed to France, may be effective here and there, but suppose Zaire comes apart? Belgians and French will train Zaire's army—but we have heard that before. Zaire has been told to accept Western economic tutelage, but the conference could not agree on an economic program. Zaire's economy is in desperate straits, and many European technicians have fled. In the circumstances, the American airlift is a signal only of ineffectiveness. We cannot undertake a serious economic and military rescue operation, and we have assumed responsibility for the probable failure of a cheap improvisation presented as high policy.

For a few days, it seemed that there was a new giant on the African scene—Giscard. A colossus striding across the Mediterranean in paratroop boots (but on American planes, his own lacking range), he was the man of the hour. Now he reminds us of Tartarin de Tarascon, that French colonial ancestor of Walter Mitty. French opinion has not yet raised a tumult about his African policy because it knows things we have overlooked. The French forces of intervention, already engaged in Chad, Djibouti and Mauretania, are stretched to their limits. Conscripts, the bulk of the French military, cannot be sent out of Europe without parliamentary approval. Giscard could seek parliamentary approval for a longer expeditionary force to Africa. The Carter administration could also submit an African edition of the Tonkin Gulf resolution to Congress. The one is as likely as the other.

The French approved the intervention after reports of Katanganese atrocities. The identification of the paratroop commander, Colonel Eurlin, as an Algerian torturer dampened their humanitarian enthusiasm. The recollection was not fortuitous: after Indochina and Algeria, the French know a losing proposition when they see one. Eurlin himself made it clear that the more quickly he could leave Kolwezi, the safer he would feel. By now, Giscard's policy is coming unstuck. His own links to French capital are not in doubt, and the displacement of the Belgians in Zaire would be profitable. The Gaullists, however, think of French African policy as independent of superpower conflict. The conversion of the Foreign Legion into a NATO force in Africa undoes de Gaulle's design. No amount of approval or money from Washington can induce a French majority to support a policy of this sort. Our surrogates, in other words, are wavering reeds.

As for the other Western nations, Callaghan's acerbic remarks should make the administration blush. The Belgians have to contend with two large difficulties: they know Zaire, and a part of their opinion favors Mobutu's opponents. Belgian capital is prepared to make a deal with them. The West Germans may give a limited amount of money for a limited and precise policy, but they are too smart to do more.

What about Cuban complicity in the invasion of Zaire? First, it was not just an invasion. It was a rising, with strong support from a large segment of the local population. (Are we to suppose that the exactions and massacres by Mobutu's regrouped forces were entirely gratuitous?) Second, the CIA's evidence seems shaky. It did not convince Senators Sparkman, Church and McGovern. Moreover, the CIA—in the person of Admiral Turner—has urged covert action in Angola upon the Congress. There is a case for the separation of the functions of intelligence from covert action, and the CIA's role in this affair strengthens it. How can we trust the CIA's interpretation of ambiguous data, when it has a political interest in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proving the Cubans at fault? We now learn that Castro told the American Government that he knew of the intended invasion, but that his efforts to avert it failed. Castro may not be telling the truth, but it is a pity that the administration withheld this diplomatic exchange from us —and proceeded to denounce the Cubans (and the Soviet Union) for the invasion. In fact, the administration has maneuvered itself into an utterly fatuous position. On the one hand, it denounces Cuba and the Soviet Union for interference in Africa. On the other, it denounces them for failing to interfere in ways of which we would approve.

The larger question of the Cuban and Soviet presence in Africa is troubling, but the administration's loud cries of "wolf" appear to have had no useful effects. Worse, the administration's recent tendency to liken their presence to direct aggression lowers the level of public debate in our own country. The Cubans entered Angola at the invitation of a faction (installed as the government) threatened by other factions, by South Africa, by the United States and by Zaire. The Cuban and Soviet expedition to Ethiopia was at the invitation of the Ethiopian Government. The regime in question is particularly repulsive, having been constituted after a shoot-out at a meeting of the ruling military council. It is, however, no less legitimate than many African governments we back.

Some members of the administration have proclaimed their own Monroe Doctrine for Africa—without, to be sure, consulting the Africans. Still others (like the indefatigable General Haig) appear to have confused the Congo with the Elbe. The period has not been without some consolation: neither Walt Rostow nor Dean Rusk was heard from. General Westmoreland, for his part, warned against sending American troops to Africa and proposed a compromise: preparing a force to invade Cuba. In fact, we have experienced an orgy of geopolitical posturing, rhetorical brinkmanship, and national self-righteousness which recalled the worst days of the Vietnam period. It was the President's responsibility to stop this. His Annapolis speech failed to do so.

The President called for a balance of cooperation and competition with the Soviet bloc—but spoke of cooperation in general and competition in particular. He asked that the competition be regulated, but defined Africa as an area in which the West proposes to do the regulating. His reference to "proxy forces" in "Korea, Angola and Ethiopia" is perplexing. The North Koreans attacked South Korea across a geopolitical frontier. The Somalians (with some encouragement from the United States) attacked the Ethiopians, and South Africa and Zaire (with more encouragement from the United States) attacked in Angola. Has the President been persuaded that geopolitical borders are far less important than ideological ones? That is a formula for internationalizing any and every conflict. It is easy enough to proclaim setbacks to the "moderates" in Africa as due to Soviet bloc intrusion (after all, the CIA can always supply the evidence). Any attack on "radical" regimes, by contrast, can be deemed legitimate self-defense against Soviet bloc intervention. (Mobutu's announcement that his reconstituted armed forces may attack Angola would be a perfect instance of this sort of logic—but for the fact that their reconstitution is entirely hypothetical.) If the President proposes to internationalize every African conflict, the continent will become a much warmer place.

I take it that the administration has not made up its mind. The American representatives at the Paris conference showed little inclination to support Giscard's grand designs in Africa, and insisted that we would proceed "case by case." The principle is reasonable—but how will it work in practice? In the case of Zaire, more rebellions and revolts (and the return of the Katanganese) are very likely. Do we have an open-ended commitment to save Mobutu, in the probable event of the "Pan-African" force being overwhelmed? What about the real possibility of Cuban and Soviet aid to the guerrillas in Rhodesia and, ultimately, to the blacks in South Africa?

The Soviet bloc has had great difficulties in Africa, and surely will not be spared more of them. The Cubans and Ethiopians seem to be quarreling—perhaps over Eritrea. The nonaligned nations are critical of Cuba's dependence on the Soviet Union. In any event, the Ethiopians did not attack Somalia—and the Angolan Government is reported to have undertaken to restrain the Katanganese. Given Africa's legacy, the idea of the continent united under Soviet domination is implausible. The administration, evoking that danger, is making a gratuitous concession to those who would cretinize our nation—by robbing it of the capacity to think at all about world politics.

Our administration does have the elements of an alternative strategy. Willy Brandt and Egon Bahr have challenged the Soviet Union to do more for the developing nations than to send arms and military advisers. Even Giscard spoke at the United Nations of a surtax on "excessive" arms, to be used for purposes of development. Giscard obviously defined as "excessive" a level of arms production and sales which exceeds that of France. What about superpower negotiations for a development fund to be financed by sums saved by agreed limits on arms production and distribution? Zaire's impoverishment, despite its vast resources, is not only the result of the Mobutu regime's incompetence and theft. It is the result of a conception of development which needs to be altered. An administration which began by speaking of human rights, global needs, and the urgency of North-South problems should not now be relapsing into the purely military policies which brought about the disasters of the last decade. The appointment, recently, of an administrator from the International Monetary Fund to supervise Zaire's Swiss bank account is reminiscent of a novel by Evelyn Waugh. Are we so devoid of political imagination that we have to accept a reality which is a caricature of itself?

I do not wish to dwell on the disagreements within the administration. It is true that the proverbial visitor from space, reading statements by Messrs. Brzezinski, Vance and Young, would hardly gather that they spoke for the same country—much less the same government.

President Carter knows that he is not presiding over

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a particularly agitated meeting of the Council on Foreign Relations, but leading a large (if troubled) nation. The Annapolis speech assured us that we are more cohesive than the Soviet Union. No doubt, but the comparison is too easy. We do face a time of increasing domestic troubles. Proposition 13 in California, imitated elsewhere, can induce large social strife.

The time to set our foreign policy aright is now. The administration has delayed the SALT negotiations. Worse, the President has not done his best to educate the nation. The world is difficult, and the problems in it will not respond to the incantations which are the American hawks' substitute for thought and policy. Unless the President is prepared to oppose them, they will use him and then destroy him. By then, alas, those of us who are glad to be his friends will have cut our own losses.

Sincerely,
Norman Birnbaum

Love/Hate & the First Amendment

JULES FEIFFER

The following article is adapted from a speech given on June 13 in New York by Mr. Feiffer at the ACLU's National Convocation on Free Speech.

Something must be seriously wrong with the First Amendment with so many newspapers suddenly in favor of it. The pathetic truth about the love/hate relationship Americans have with the Bill of Rights is that we tend to support it only when it supports us, when it favors my interest group against your interest group, or his, or hers. Most of us, and polls again and again show this to be so, are in basic disagreement with the first ten amendments to the Constitution except when it comes to special pleading.

I have long wondered what stand this nation's press would have taken on the Pentagon Papers if Daniel Ellsberg had seen fit to release them not to *The New York Times* but to the *National Guardian* or even *The Village Voice*.

The Communists didn't see much point to civil liberties until the late 1940s, when a sizable segment of the ACLU stopped seeing much point to them. A sizable segment of the ACLU membership today sees no point in civil liberties for Nazis; so 20 percent have chosen to quit, stirring up the same argument used against the far Left in the '40s and '50s. "How can you defend the freedom of low lifes who, if they gained power, would take your own freedom away?" The unstated clause in that argument is: "And watch, if civil liberty fanatics and nudicks like you have your way, the Nazis *will* gain power. And crush us all!"

The knee-jerk assumption is that, in an argument between an authoritarian cult and a democratic society, the authoritarians can nought but win; that, given a fair chance, bad guys always win. Given a choice, a free people will prefer to be enslaved every time, just so long as they are given a guarantee that groups they hate will be enslaved worse. I find this to be a scary assumption; although I must admit at times not a totally disagreeable one, because over the years I've had my own checkered reaction to civil liberties.

I don't like civil liberties any better than the average American. I would say that more than half the people whose First and Fourth and Fifth Amendment rights I've vigorously defended I wouldn't care to have to my house for dinner. I wasn't crazy about defending all those "card-carrying" Communists in the '40s and '50s, for example. I didn't morally approve of their use of my Constitution to protect their freedom.

Furthermore, I had terrible problems with the civil liberties of blacklisted Hollywood screen writers. I hated the blacklist, but I also hated most of their movies; so an act of conscience was at one and the same time a compromise of artistic standards. Fortunately, the unblacklisted writers did work as bad or worse. So I settled for an aesthetic standoff, and came out morally clean.

I often wondered in those days and after why we couldn't come up with a better class of victims—victims I could identify with instead of simply patronize, or feel somewhat sorry for, somewhat fearful of, somewhat contemptuous of. Whatever became of victims like Eugene Debs? Whatever became of *mythic* victims? Victims whom you could hang around with, who enhanced your stature? Today there is no question but that we have some terrific victims. We have Indians and Chicanos and blacks and government whistle blowers, all very reassuring to those of us who prefer not merely to believe in civil liberties but would also like to like them. But we also have *bad* victims, victims who are not nice guys, who are not sympathetic, who are Nazis, who are Kluxers, who are pornographers, who are even crooks. Should crooks have civil liberties? I don't like it.

But I do think it worth closer examination, this Pandora's-box argument. You give rights to your enemies, and they use them against you. You give rights to your enemies, and they'll eat you for breakfast. This attitude speaks volumes about our national self-doubt, about our belief only in our own fragility, our own vulnerability. Any repugnant idea, given half the chance, is bound to take over. So say the Pandora theorists. Certainly it's the argument behind Skokie. Just as it's the argument behind obscenity prosecutions or, for that matter, the argument behind the Supreme Court's recent decision to outlaw the First Amendment.

The Court would have seen no need to allow police the uncivil liberty to raid newspaper files ten years ago. This is obviously a post-Vietnam, post-Watergate decision. The press mainly stayed in line before Vietnam and Watergate, faithfully publishing publicity handouts disguised as news by whatever government agency. The sources, whose anonymity it sought most to protect in that time, were

Jules Feiffer is the cartoonist and writer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

generally named Walt Whitman Rostow or McGeorge Bundy or Henry Kissinger.

The news media came to be seen as an enemy of government, and eventually of the Court, only when it abused its privilege of freedom of the press by exercising it: by publishing the Pentagon Papers, by turning against the war, by waging Watergate. Not that the press today doesn't behave a good deal of the time like an arm of government. It surely does. But it's become an unpredictable and —dare I say it?—a disloyal arm. Give it an inch, and it may well take over the country. The Fourth Estate will become the First Estate. The Court, checking its balance, acted accordingly. In its eyes, it had no other choice, so it sent in the cops.

Government operates, just as individuals operate, on the assumption that whoever differs seriously with it is out to get it, and is therefore a threat to internal security. Consequently, defensive measures must be taken. All vicious laws are explained and truly understood by their proponents to be defensive measures.

We, no matter who the *we* of *we* are, see ourselves as perennially innocent, perenially put upon, perennially helpless before ceaseless hordes of swiftly changing predators. In foreign affairs Russians turn into Chinese, turn into Vietnamese, turn into Cubans, and then back into Russians. At home surly Irish turn into greasy Italians, turn into devious Jews, turn into lazy blacks, turn into screeching Puerto Ricans. The single remaining idea that unites all Americans today, regardless of race, creed or previous conditions of servitude, the single belief of every man and woman-jack of us, is in our own group's powerlessness. Blacks know they're powerless, as do all minorities; middle-class whites feel powerless; corporations feel powerless; unions feel powerless; women feel powerless; environmentalists and consumer groups feel powerless; homosexuals feel powerless; thugs who prey on homosexuals feel powerless. The rich complain about their powerlessness, as of course do the poor, and the employed, and the unemployed, and Patty Hearst, and doubtless David Berkowitz.

People convinced of their own powerlessness aren't interested in across-the-board civil rights and civil liberties. They are interested in selective civil rights and civil liberties. They want laws to stop this and start that, and bring back this and fix that. They want less government interference and more laws that say so. Increasingly, they lust in their hearts for Frank Capra movies; for good old American innocence; for women who support their men only morally and emotionally, not financially, for homosexuals who know their place—namely oblivion; and for blacks and Indians and other foreigners who know theirs.

That judge in Madison, Wis. who freed a teen-age rapist on the ground that the girl was asking for it because she wore tight jeans was not an isolated nut; he was the stifled and stifling voice that cannot bear the idea of change, crying out in his frustration: "Say it ain't so, daughter." And when daughter says, "Yes indeed, it is so," the word is passed to other jurists, so that last week in Connecticut yet another judge freed yet another teen-age rapist—in this case, unsuccessful in his attempt, being impotent. The judge ruled, accordingly, that you can't blame a man for trying. Or, jurist number three in Washington, D.C. freed a dozen demonstrators who beat up a nurse and trampled a pregnant woman in an abortion clinic because, said the judge, their actions were deemed necessary to save lives. The police in Houston, Texas no doubt feel powerless mere moments before they wipe out another Mexican-American.

Our national affinity for powerlessness makes us yearn for a return to the good old days of capital punishment, for getting even. And why not? I've often yearned for it myself—thirty or forty times a day. Not in the case of convicted murderers or terrorists, people like that. I yearn for it in the case of theatre critics, my book publisher, my landlord, Con Edison, taxi drivers, motorcycle thugs who wear swastikas, any teen-ager on a city bus playing a transistor radio. If there existed such a thing as justice in this country, no one would be going around free who disagreed with me, displeased me, or who hurt my feelings.

But we do not have justice. All we have is law, and the law tells me that I cannot sentence people to death on a whim, or close down their businesses on whim, or blacklist them from their jobs on whim. And as much an affront as such laws may be to me personally, I take solace in the supposition that it works that way for everyone else, too; that no one else can affect or destroy the lives of other people on whim.

Except it does not turn out to work that way. In this society we suffer from a gross inequality among whims. Phyllis Schlafly whims, right-to-lifer whims, Anita Bryant whims, whims about the media, whims about censorship, whims about preventive detention, whims about who can speak where and march where.

Civil rights and liberties were hot issues, "sexy issues," as the press likes to describe these things, during the days of Nixon and his plumbers, but recently they've come upon hard times. We are as bored with hearing about the rights of women and homosexuals and Native Americans and blacks and Hispanics as we are bored with the latest cancer-causing discovery in our daily diet.

A growing number of people have come to look on civil liberties, on human rights for Americans, as cancer-causing and self-destructive, as taking all the fun, all the individualism—our freedom of choice—out of life.

It seems to me that, among its other functions, this conference could well put aside time to work out the groundwork for a massive education campaign to sell the Bill of Rights to the people it was created for, not excluding their police and their courts.

A campaign to explain—to the various and sundry groups who see themselves as constantly being threatened, eaten away at—that, nonetheless, there is a place in their lives for a free press, despite its distortions and special relationships; that there is a place in their lives for free speech, despite how outrageous or just plain disagreeable or wrong others who practice it may be; that there is a point to protecting even those we hate from unreasonable search and seizure; and that, despite the fact that civil liberties often prove to be unpleasant, inconvenient and even painful, still they are of momentous value and make enormous practical sense.

If we wait till that day, surely coming, when the Bill of Rights becomes a document of radical chic, it will be too late. So I think that pretty soon we'd better look for ways to let our fellow Americans in on its secrets. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Everything That Grows

THE DREAM OF A COMMON LANGUAGE: Poems 1974-1977. *By Adrienne Rich. $9.95. Paper $2.95.*

DONALD HALL

When she was young her masters were men: Auden, Frost, Robinson, Lowell. To whom was a woman to turn for a model? Emily Dickinson and Marianne Moore, although superb poets, were models of stylistic idiosyncracy. Men could look everywhere for a master; a woman, unless she would submerge her femininity to a masculine model, contended with the astounding (socially inevitable) paucity of women poets; there are bleak centuries between Sappho and Dickinson. Yet by the late 1970s, anyone who reads American poetry must be struck by the preponderance of young women: Carolyn Forché, Olga Broumas, AI, Laura Jensen, Kathleen Fraser, Carol Muske . . . one could go on and on. The survival, endurance, and gathering excellence of Adrienne Rich has provided a model for young women poets, provided a female resource to sponsor female poetry.

These new poems are Rich's best—poems of ambition, dignity, and wisdom—and they derive from scrutiny of a particular life. As with her prose work, *Of Woman Born*, she writes best when she writes directly out of her life. In the beginning her poetry used to sound like other people's; one could guess, reading her work, the subject of her latest enthusiasm. Over the years, her poetry has progressed toward intimacy without sacrificing intelligence. She has a gift for being herself, much the way certain film actors possess the rare and difficult genius—which looks easy—of always seeming *natural*.

Rich's dream is the dream of intimacy; *the dream of a common language*. Much poetry enacts the pursuit of unrealizable desires. Yeats rhymed out his dream of being's unity; Walt Whitman's America is as imagined as Blake's—or Blake's Albion. Rich defines "the true nature of poetry" as "the drive/ to connect"—the desire to connect wholly, nakedly, with a nakedness profounder than the skin's, without reserve or protection, past ambiguity and ambivalence—with another human being.

It's simple to wake from sleep with a stranger,
dress, go out, drink coffee,
enter a life again. It isn't simple
to wake from sleep into the neighborhood
of one neither strange nor familiar
whom we have chosen to trust.

Then the dream of a common language reaches beyond the personal:

But I can't call it life until we start to move
beyond this secret circle of fire
where our bodies are giant shadows flung on a wall
where the night becomes our inner darkness, and sleeps
like a dumb beast, head on her paws, in the corner.

The desire for total intimacy may be as unattainable as the desire for unity of being, or it may be glimpsed not steadily but only in a moment's transport. But without the dream of a common language we are speechless.

We can say: only the impossible is worth attempting—yet if one affirms the *achievement* of the impossible, one is a liar. Therefore a poet must continually seek and fail, discovering the negative of the dream, the reverse of the vision. In "Cartographies of Silence," Rich finds bare rock, yet concludes with praise for the word as the only instrument possibly complex enough to measure human feeling:

If from time to time I envy
the pure annunciations to the eye

the visio beatifica
if from time to time I long to turn

like the Eleusinian hierophant
holding up a simple ear of grain

for return to the concrete and everlasting world
what in fact I keep choosing

are these words, these whispers, conversations
from which time after time the truth breaks moist and green.

The "Twenty-One Love Poems" make an especially beautiful section of this book, an exploration of intimacy as we might hope to find it. In their honesty they again find bare rock, but they find also joy and understanding. So many writers imply that to feel passion you must forego intelligence. Tenderness here has room for wisdom. And there is dignity in plain statement: "We were two lovers of one gender,/ we were two women of one generation."

Plain statement is not always a friend, and there are bad patches in this book. ". . . the failure to want our freedom passionately enough" is language *about* emotion, which embodies *no* emotion. It is commonplace that political or didactic poetry—poetry committed to ideas and principles—will often fail through an excess of abstraction. The dream will only connect by bodied language—idiom, image, metaphor—to the long body of the human moment. And the image must be new, and it must connect with other images. Where poetry suffers disconnection—dead metaphors spoil a few of these poems, as in the failed work of many poets—we sense that the poem is inauthentic; when Rich will use the adverb "blindly" like a journalist, to indicate obtuseness, she is unsure of her *ideas*.

But if lines fail, the book is a victory. With *The Dream of a Common Language* Rich has taken the step she has looked to take since her first book appeared in 1951 when she was a 20-year-old senior at Radcliffe. She has fought through facility, obeisance to elders, glibness, *style*—and has become a superb American poet.

You wouldn't know it from the reviewers, who have remained virtually silent, and this bears considering. *Of Woman Born*, a courageous and moving book, was vilified and misrepresented by reviewers. Rich grew up as the token female poet of the 1950s until she became a feminist. Now she is a token of something else, or a symbol—but she has in the meantime become a far better poet: as she writes her best work the people who used to praise her have turned away.

Look at the poem, "Natural Resources," for instance, which includes a quiet and resourceful observation of Vermont things which must please anyone who loves the motions of assured language:

The enormity of the simplest things:
in this cold barn tables are spread

with china saucers, shoehorns
of german silver, a gilt-edged book

that opens into a picture-frame—

Donald Hall's latest book is Remembering Poets (*Harper and Row*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a biscuit-tin of the thirties.

Outside, the north lies vast
with unshed snow, everything is

at once remote and familiar
each house contains what it must

The best of this book happens when ideas and observations come together, abstraction and statement wedded and complicit with observation, with *seeing through*: "A whole new poetry beginning here." Here is the last stanza of the poem ("Transcendental Etude") which ends the book:

Vision begins to happen in such a life
as if a woman quietly walked away
from the argument and jargon in a room
and sitting down in the kitchen, began turning in her lap
bits of yarn, calico and velvet scraps,
laying them out absently on the scrubbed boards
in the lamplight, with small rainbow-colored shells
sent in cotton-wool from somewhere far away,
and skeins of milkweed from the nearest meadow—
original domestic silk, the finest findings—
and the darkblue petal of the petunia,
and the dry darkbrown lace of seaweed;
not forgotten either, the shed silver whisker of the cat,
the spiral of paper-wasp-nest curling beside the finch's yellow feather.
Such a composition has nothing to do with eternity,
the striving for greatness, brilliance—
only with the musing of a mind
one with her body, experienced fingers quietly pushing
dark against bright, silk against roughness,
pulling the tenets of a life together
with no mere will to mastery,
only care for the many-lived, unending
forms in which she finds herself,
becoming now the shred of broken glass
slicing light in a corner, dangerous
to flesh, now the plentiful, soft leaf
that wrapped around the throbbing finger, soothes the wound;
and now the stone foundation, rock-shelf further
forming underneath everything that grows.

Glass, leaf, and stone make an emblem for Adrienne Rich and her poems. Yet we will have more, for the dream is unsatisfied: "I look at my hands," she tells us elsewhere, "and see they are still unfinished." □

Rigged Systems, Special Pleas

SHRINKING. *By Alan Lelchuk. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 564 pp. $11.95.*

BRINA CAPLAN

Shrinking, the title of Mr. Lelchuk's third novel, refers to psychological losses and lessons in the life of Lionel Solomon, controversial author, untenured professor, ambivalent father, lover, son. At 38, Solomon enjoys reality-tested comforts: a literary reputation which, although critically attacked, continues to sell his books and elicit fan letters; a teaching position at an elite college outside of Boston, where his colleagues do not approve of him but the undergraduates are invariably eager and adoring; a liaison with a pretty Zionist, who possesses Golda's zeal and Griselda's immunity to male callousness; and a farm in New Hampshire with far more bean rows than Yeats's. Enter Tippy Matthews like an impulse from the id, and Solomon loses his world of sublimated productivity.

Her stated interests are three—Solomon's fiction, Solomon's penis, and the superior cultural values of the American Indian. Her " 'wild little Indian-Jew' " finds the combination overwhelming. As Solomon rhetorically asks Erik Erikson, in a fantasied session upon the analyst's lap, " 'if someone comes along showing genitals *while* warning me about my ethical decline, how can I resist?' "

Because he cannot, Lionel Solomon exchanges "the pink and prime of his life" for—quite literally—"the black and blue." Tippy Matthews, so it happens, is actually Pandora J. Armstrong, an under-the-covers psychohistorian, Yale Ph.D. candidate, and writer for *Esquire*. She lures Solomon into a sadomasochistic adventure, then publishes an article analyzing his sexual defects. Driven to madness, Solomon enters Swerdlow's Sanitorium. There he produces the confessional account that, when flanked by his psychiatrist's foreword, afterword, and appended documents, constitutes *Shrinking*.

Because Lionel Solomon teaches literature, he can interpret his own story from within, pre-empting all possible criticism of the novel in which he appears. Solomon sets himself in a historic line of reality-torn protagonists: Ahab, Bartleby, Lord Jim. He lectures upon Melville, scorned by 19th-century critics because he dealt with " 'powerful and perverse experience.' " He eulogizes Dreiser:

> There we have a writer who couldn't write a pretty sentence if he tried—who couldn't even write a good sentence most of the time—but who wrote some of the most powerful novels of this century.

The territory is heavily signposted.

When contemporary novels of self-promotion tell us how good they are, we know where we stand. Novels of self-promotion are always rigged systems, designed to elaborate their authors' importance, usually at the expense of characterization or language or intellectual richness. *Shrinking*, however, is an extreme case—over 500 pages of special pleading. Through Solomon's lectures, Lelchuk barricades against criticism, saying in effect, "Let me alone; I've already answered all your questions." Through Solomon's grotesque fate, he demands sympathy and guards against anger: "Writers suffer more than readers. You, the reader, can do nothing to me which is worse than what I've already imagined."

In order to furnish *Shrinking*, Alan Lelchuk has raided the known world. Erikson appears under his own name; Philip Rahv, pseudonymously. In a lecture on Melville, Lionel Solomon argues the case for this kind of appropriation: it is the means by which artists win " 'truth' " from " 'chaotic facts' "; and in fiction, " 'what appears to be a fact turns out to mean something quite different.' " Only sometimes it does not. Solomon's lecture is a disingenuous defense of Solomon's author—Melville did not put Captain Ahab in Dr. Mesmer's lap—and it is off the point, as are Solomon's diatribes against repressed and repressive critics. Modern novelists are not faulted because they transfer facts from the world they know to the worlds they create. Critics do not object to realism or explicitness or autobiography. They merely hold novelists accountable for the use that they make of facts and the use to which they put identifiable lives.

In self-promotional novels, that use is validation of the author's significance. *Shrinking* borrows public figures for self-conscious demonstrations of power: the author must be an important fellow if when he pulls the strings, real men and women dance. The inclusion of exhibitionist material, on the other hand, assumes, in the manner of Erica Jong, that because something actually happened, it is necessarily important. Behind changed names we read the mes-

Brina Caplan teaches expository writing at Harvard University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sage: Look what happened to me.

Characters in themselves do not matter; Lelchuk's interest lies in what can be done to them. Tippy Matthews/Pandora Armstrong has stepped from a drugstore paperback: " 'That's why you *wreck me so*—you're gentle, Mr. Solomon. Even when you're a tiger, you're *gentle*.' " Her moral foil, the devoted Sheyna, sounds equally stiff and remains equally hollow. Lelchuk simply avoids the troublesome task of characterization. Through Lionel Solomon, he accounts for Sheyna's endlessly tested selflessness as "a result of old-fashioned upbringing, certain genes, and a dedicated idealism." Human motivation, however, cannot be so easily established by a passing allusion to DNA. The limp causality spells inattention; while Solomon's heart may be with Sheyna, Solomon's author has his mind elsewhere.

The energy of *Shrinking* is devoted to gimmickry. Solomon's history is pulled back from the reader by a psychiatric-documentary frame. And *Shrinking* contains a further regression, an unfinished novel-in-progress. In addition, there are movielike flashbacks to Solomon's boyhood in Brooklyn; there are Hopi fertility rites; there are visionary visits with Strindberg and Isaac Babel; there are symbolic games of role reversal (Jews and Indians, psychiatrists and authors, critics and characters). The intensity of contrivance is reminiscent of John Fowles's flashy sleight of hand in *The Magus*. But *Shrinking* never achieves Fowles's integrated display; the devices, symbols and techniques just pile up, isolated demonstrations of cleverness.

" 'The energy it takes to invent, to imagine!' " Solomon shrieks at us, " 'I'm not strong enough to ward off the inevitable criticism . . . the vile gossip and vile distortions and vile misunderstanding and vile politics that . . . will be called book reviewing.' " Because the purpose of the novel of self-promotion is self-promotion, it automatically risks alienating its audience of readers and reviewers. Stand back, it says, while I show off. By crabbily reminding us of the author's vulnerability, pain and sacrifice, Alan Lelchuk insists that we move yet farther away. Wiser novelists of self-promotion have discovered that the trick is to hold onto the audience and to show off at the same time. They manage it by sinking time, skill and care into the craft of fiction, into what Solomon calls, "pretty writing." Fowles does not merely operate upon his fiction, he invests himself in its construction. He might teach Mr. Lelchuk that novels cannot be exercises of remote gamesmanship, like pinball. The form requires more than bursts of electric activity, balls in motion, and the defensive batting of flippers. □

From Unspeakable to Ineffable

MIRACLE. *By Dotson Rader. Random House. 289 pp. $8.95.*

JACK MILES

"*Cherchez la femme*" is no novelty as a rule of thumb for explaining the inexplicable in public affairs. But "*Cherchez le garçon*"? If that phrase is also a valid rule of thumb, it has been less frequently acknowledged as such in American life and letters. Or more precisely, when a boy was the heart of the matter, he was spoken of in a kind of code. Now, it would seem, American novelists no longer find the code necessary, and some of them seem bent on ringing as many changes on the theme of public affairs and private homosexual life as have been rung on that of public affairs and private heterosexual life.

The public affairs in Dotson Rader's *Miracle* are religious. Action swirls around Nathum Charity, an evangelist who appears to be a cipher for Billy Graham. Like Graham, Charity closes his broadcast with the phrase, "God bless you real good." Like Graham, he comes from Charlotte. His evangelistic organization has a marketing arm like the one that Graham is said to have. I rather suspect there are other allusions for those with ears to hear them.

But the novel is not a *roman à clef*, nor, more important, is it about religion. Among several events that the title may refer to, one is a cure that occurs when a cripple touches little Judah, Charity's grandson. What is a miracle? Do things like miracles happen? Why do people want miracles to happen? What sort of person hopes for miracles, and what is it like to be such a person? *Miracle* is not about that kind of question. Just as almost any crime will do in a detective story or any foreign enemy in a spy story, so any "scene" of propriety will serve for a story about impropriety behind the scene. Religion in *Miracle* bears the same resemblance to real religion that crime in detective fiction bears to real crime, or terrorism in spy fiction to real terrorism. That is to say, it serves its purpose, which is to make possible a certain kind of interaction among the characters.

What *Miracle* is about is not religion but love, above all about the love aroused by Denny Trout, a sailor who has died in battle before the story begins. Nathum Charity loved Denny as a better son than his own son. Little Judah loved Denny as a better father than his own father. Silas, Denny's lover, loved him as a better self than his own self. Denny is, for each of these men, a secret love. This is a novel about secret love.

As in many Southern novels, so here: religious, political, familial, and sexual alliances intersect and overlap but Rader keeps effortless track of them. The first two-thirds of the book occurs over the several days of an evangelistic crusade in Milwaukee. Silas is planning to kill Nathum Charity for shaming and, as Silas sees it, driving Denny to his death in the Navy. Flashbacks to the lives of all the characters slow the pace of the plot and complicate the human situation. Thus, between the end of Chapter 3, when Silas buys his gun, and the start of Chapter 6, when the gun goes off, there are two long chapters on important but emotionally less compelling characters. The effect is that of a long, quieting pause before the frenzied climax, in which Silas is shot by Charity's bodyguard, Charity suffers a paralyzing stroke, and Judah, who was thought mute, begins to speak.

In the last third of his book, Rader seems to tell a straight, untragic version of his tragic gay love story. Judah is now 19, about the same age Silas was in the first part of the novel. Judah has a friend, Scooter, with whom he does and says some of the same things Silas did and said with Denny. But somehow this erotic relationship is arrested, or resolved, and Judah proceeds to fall in love with his future wife, Fanny McLeag. In a hotel room, pleading with Sen. Joseph McCarthy (more of this below) for Fanny and her accused father, Judah testifies to his love for Fanny rather as Silas testified to his love for Denny. Trying to explain himself to his father, Silas had said:

> "Don't you know I loved him, Papa? I fear to die of it. Listen to me." He touched his father's shoulder, but Birdsong could not hear. "We made love in San Diego, there on the beach. *Then Charity done cut him down!*"

Jack Miles is a Los Angeles writer and editor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Judah says:

> "Please." He touched the senator's hand. McCarthy looked at him, a kind of smirk on his face. Judah kneeled to be at face level with the seated senator. "Please do something. I'm in love with Dr. McLeag's daughter. She done nothing bad. Nor did he. I love her, sir. I like to die from it."

Judah's story comes to a climax, like Silas's, in a dramatic church service. FDR attended the first, Joe McCarthy the second. But where Silas failed to avenge his dead homosexual lover, Judah succeeds in rescuing his living heterosexual lover. What are the differences of locker room or living room that make one history into heterosexuality and another into homosexuality, or one into triumph and another into tragedy? This double narrative seems to have something to do with that question.

But if *Miracle* eschews some clichés, it embraces at least one. All three of Rader's boys—the homosexual Denny, the bisexual Silas, and the heterosexual Judah—are your plain-spoken, naked-innocence types. Don't go much for church or school or nothin' like that. Alluz gettin' into scrapes. Nothin' serious, hear. Just good game boys with heart.

From Billy Budd on down, this type is all too familiar, and so is a maudlin bloody ending for the homosexual variant of it. Rader's contribution—adding real semen to the blood—doesn't quite save his version from an unhappy sense of *déjà vu*. In the whorehouse on a night in Atlanta that Silas remembers "as if the memory held the explanation of what would follow in their lives," Denny masturbates at the head of the bed where Silas is copulating:

> . . . his sperm hit the base of Silas's neck, just below his hairline, just below the point where his black hair ended in a little tail pointing downward to his back. . . .

When Silas dies, avenging Denny,

> . . . the bullet hit the base of his neck, just below the point where his black hair ended in a little tail pointing downward to his back.

There are times when Rader seems to make the rule, "Show them, don't tell them" into a game of charades. Different parts of his novel seem to be sending signals back and forth. When it works, it's provocative. When it doesn't, it's just irritating. Here, one feels that the writer has already made his point twice over: once in the very structure of the incident, again in his remark that the night in the whorehouse explained all that followed. With this extra detail, he mars his own work with the contrived pathos of hagiography. If Denny has been almost a saint, Silas at this point becomes altogether a martyr.

As for the sense of *Billy Budd* revisited, it is difficult to fault a writer for successfully reviving the archetype of a dying youth whose death brings life and grace, an archetype as old as Christianity and older. Still, in his innocence, such a character does seem *doomed* to an early death. Like Jesus, he has to almost *want* to die. If he lived, if he were given a full complement of human experience, his innocent appeal would disappear, for what the archetype appeals to in us is a deep yearning to avoid complexity, to avoid experience itself, and to remain children even at the price of life itself. Despite his appeal, in other words, this kind of character—and this kind of story—is not just accidentally but is essentially limited. A character who dies before he has a chance to become evil is not a fit vehicle for integrating human experience. His appeal may be overwhelming, but it is not to the adult in us.

When the dying youth of the archetype becomes, without qualification, a dying homosexual, the effect of the archetype is not to integrate homosexual love into the general store of vicarious experience but rather to quarantine it. From something beneath discussion, it now becomes something almost above discussion. The unspeakable becomes the ineffable. In *Miracle*, Charity's pulpit punch line is *This may be your last chance*. Rader puts the same line in Denny's mouth as he seduces Silas on the San Diego beach, i.e., Denny is going to war, this may be Silas's last chance to make love to him. The equation of religion and sex is trite, but at this point Denny and Silas are at least still human beings. When the holy lovers go on to become holy victims, they are no longer a part of real life at all. Gay or straight, the good die young; and we who live on may shed a tear for them, but we don't have to think about them much.

From this point of view, the most interesting homosexual in *Miracle* is aging and unbeautiful Joe McCarthy. McCarthy appears in the story when Judah's father, Charity's son, launches an anti-Communist witch hunt. McCarthy is foiled when Charity, now old and semi-paralyzed, makes a dramatic intervention against him. Earlier, in a scene we have already quoted, McCarthy makes obscene advances on young Judah in a hotel room. Judah

> felt disgust for the senator. He could not forget the feel of his hairy hands playing over his skin, his arms around his body.

Well, Dotson Rader is under no obligation to write novels that will serve gay liberation. But if he chose to, he would do more for the cause with a sympathetic portrayal of a gay Joe McCarthy than with ten more assassinated ephebes. It is interesting to speculate what would have happened, in the aftermath of the Chambers-Hiss case, if it had been Hiss and not Chambers who was suspected of homosexuality. Had victim Hiss been *homosexual victim* Hiss, we should by now have endured a flood of overwrought one-act plays and psychological novels, for the notion is abroad that as anti-Communists are always anti-homosexual, so homosexuals and Communists must always be allies.

In its full formulation, the theory goes a little like this: *All men are homosexual to some degree. But when their homosexuality is denied erotic expression, it turns to violence. Those men, therefore, who are most preoccupied with violence are the most repressed in their homosexuality*. Scratch a flag-waving Christian anti-Communist, and find a frustrated fag. Scratch a happy homosexual, and find, at the least, an anti-anti-Communist.

But it isn't so. Private dramas and public dramas only sometimes coincide in such a way that the one can be projected upon the other. To say this is to raise no objection to Rader's novel as a novel. But an objection certainly can be made that the McCarthy period has been mythologized and psychoanalyzed to the point where we are all bored with it. The saving victim, whatever else may be said of it, is a reliable archetype. No matter how many times it is done, it can always be done again. The same does not go for the psychoanalysis in fiction of the McCarthy era. The subject matter just does not have the same resilience.

Somewhere between the hairy old queer and the athlete dying young, there must lie a middling ideal of reasonable sex, but Rader seems to have no intention of temporizing with it.

> Denny could do things that were bad and feel no guilt for having done them. Silas was a nest of guilts and insecurities. He more and more acted against his conscience, that is, his father's teachings. His conscience was changing. However, part of him remained snagged on past instruction, like a dog on a long leash forgetting the line, running across a yard only to remember suddenly as he gagged on its restraint.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Rader, manhood seems to be a dog on an infinitely long leash. But what if you're not *on* the leash but holding it? What if you experience reflection, self-consciousness, and the like, not as bars to manhood but as so many healthy expressions of it? In our species, healthy animality thinks. But animals, comes the objection ". . . do not sweat and whine about their condition; they do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins," and so on. Lucky dogs. But we must, and must find our manhood there.

Dotson Rader is a gifted and subtle writer, and never better than when he describes lovemaking. The sexy parts of *Miracle*, gay and straight, are really the best, most rereadable, enjoyable parts: a little solemn, but what's wrong with that? American writing, like American life, is beset more with "fun" in all its dreary guises than with real solemnity. The one real problem in this novel is the implication in all that pure-hearted, Tarzan-in-Appalachia dialogue that the boy who hasn't begun to think is a better man than the man who has. No. The regional accents may be perfect, but that ideal is so mistaken that no eloquence can redeem it. □

Capitalism's Junior Partner

LABOR AND COMMUNISM: The Conflict that Shaped American Unions. *By Bert Cochran. Princeton University Press. 394 pp. $25.*

RICHARD J. WALTON

What a splendid book this is, everything a university press book should be: important, exhaustively researched, fair, rigorously analytical. And something too few university press books are: free of jargon and lucidly written, with flashes of wit and mordant humor.

Bert Cochran, a former United Auto Workers official turned scholar, is a member of the Research Institute on International Change at Columbia and author of significant studies of Adlai Stevenson and Harry S. Truman. He is that rare bird, a tough critic of the Communists who never strays into red-baiting. The severity of his criticism makes his quiet contempt for the red-baiters, the "cold-war liberals" in and out of the labor movements, all the more damning.

Cochran's book, whether consciously or unconsciously, is suffused with a profound and, alas, probably justified, pessimism: about American society, about the American Left and, especially, about the labor movement as an instrument of significant change in the United States. Plainly a man whose passions were engaged by the industrial unions in the glorious days of their struggles, Cochran correctly sees the present-day labor movement, with few exceptions, as bureaucratic, undemocratic and conservative, a complaisant junior partner in American capitalism.

The author sets the foundation for his study with a subtle and convincing analysis of the American Communist Party. Although harsh on the C.P.'s slavish adherence to the often self-contradictory twists and turns of the line established in Moscow, Cochran rejects the anti-Communist argument that the party was a conspiracy. He points out that in the many Smith Act trials of the late 1940s and the 1950s, "The Communists were not charged with conspiracy to commit any overt revolutionary act; they were charged with conspiracy to form a party to advocate overthrow of the government." And the primary evidence was a number of Marxian classics introduced into court. Some conspiracy: a pile of windy tracts available to anyone with the stamina to study them.

Cochran explains why the Communists, who "supplied front-line assault troops in a number of crucial campaigns and battles that brought the new unionism into existence," have had so little lasting impact:

> . . . the Communist could not create a compelling myth nor bequeath a romantic tradition, as did the IWW or Debs Socialist before them; this was not only, and not primarily, because they were disgraced and repudiated in cold war years—that might conceivably enhance their standing for another generation of rebels—but because with their repeated changes of front and profession at the behest of a tyranny abroad, they fashioned for themselves a Jesuitical and chameleon-like image, leaving a legacy both ambiguous and shady.

After establishing this foundation, Cochran discusses the history of the C.P. in the industrial labor movement, especially their crucial role in Harlan County, Passaic and the historic auto industry sit-down strikes. This is fascinating stuff, for the Communists, often brave and effective, often foolish and doctrinaire, were the most important radical component of the industrial labor unions. He makes it plain that the C.P.'s significant influence was based not on its ideology nor certainly on its mass appeal (the Communists were statistically almost insignificant) but on the organizational skill and personal qualities of its leaders and workers. Not as Communists but as union men. Indeed, they were regarded as good union men and by the same labor leaders who threw them to the wolves in the late 1940s.

There is good evidence here that the CIO expelled the Communists not because they were a threat within the organization but to save the skins of the CIO leaders, to provide respectability at the cost of betraying their longtime comrades—though there were some social democratic types who gleefully joined the purge out of sectarian animus and some Catholics who joined as crusaders against atheism. It was not, as Cochran demonstrates, a proud time for the CIO.

He also removes Walter Reuther, that hero of American liberalism, from his pedestal. Reuther got his start with the

Richard Walton is the author of Henry Wallace, Harry Truman, and the Cold War *and* Cold War and Counterrevolution: The Foreign Policy of John F. Kennedy (*both Viking*).

THE CERTAINTY OF BEES

This morning the bee-scout
danced out the order:
Blue Hydrangeas!
So all today the bushes
are furrowed with bees
foraging gold
from the perfectly ripened blooms.

Bandy-legged with pollen
a gilded worker zooms
against my arm.
Too busy to be truculent
it fans its honeyed weight
against the darkening air
and joins the steady bee-line
to the hive.

Buzzing with unhoused will I watch
them held in sweet obedience
to their blue command.
Rightly the flowers are served
the honeycombs are filled
the generations fed
though not one blunders
toward tomorrow's hedge
where privet clamors cow-sweet
milky in the early moon.

Nina Schneider

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indispensable help of Communists, and as Cochran shows, he became a red-baiter to further his own vast ambition: "Reuther's takeover spelled the end of the auto union's turbulent democracy; it triggered a rapid internal bureaucratization, and what had been a phenomenom of pluralism was snuffed out. . . . He was in the long tradition of leaders who sported the democratic cockade when seeking office, and who cast it aside when they won office."

This is a wonderful book and my only cavil is directed at the publisher. My copy came with one 30-page section missing and another repeated. I hope those who paid a staggering $25 for their copies had better luck. □

Worker Self-Management

ECONOMIC DEMOCRACY: Workers' Participation in Chilean Industry 1970-1973. *By Juan G. Espinosa and Andrew S. Zimbalist. Academic Press. 224 pp. $14.*

DAVID MORRIS

The experience of Chile continues to inform us. Living in Chile in the early 1970s was like watching history unfold in a telescoped time frame. Theory became practice almost overnight, and developments which usually take years occurred in a matter of months. The most attractive aspect of this process was its openness. No one needed to be a Kremlinologist or Sinologist to know what was going on. The work place, the café, the neighborhood centers were as filled with serious political debate as was the Parliament. In Santiago six daily national newspapers with sharply contrasting political views were published.

Juan Espinosa and Andrew Zimbalist took advantage of this openness to investigate the role of worker democracy in Chile during this period. Their book is the best exploration of the subject of worker self-management to date. The book is based on an exhaustive analysis of the literature in the field, and the practical experience gained in work places in Chile. The almost 600 bibliographic references and excellent footnotes are alone worth many times the price of the book.

The authors begin with a succinct analysis of the historical nature of work and the current state of worker participation around the world. They present a continuum of participation, from simple grievance procedures to Scanlon plans, minority participation of workers on boards, producer cooperatives and mixed state/worker enterprises. Then we are given a quick history of Chile, focusing on the labor movement. Although worker democracy reached its high point under Allende, the forces demanding a new relationship between worker and work place gathered well before the Popular Unity took office.

When Salvador Allende became President in 1970 there were forty-three state enterprises, of which thirty were industrial. The thirty industrial enterprises accounted for 11.8 percent of industrial production and 6.5 percent of industrial employment. By the time of Allende's overthrow, in September 1973, the Chilean state owned or managed some 420 enterprises. The manufacturing enterprises owned by the state employed 140,000 workers and accounted for 40 percent of total industrial production (in sales), approximately 95 percent of total bank credit, 90 percent of total mining production and 28 percent of food distribution.

Between 1968 and 1970 thirty producer cooperatives were formed. Within two years of Allende's election, there were 100 more employing over 7,000 workers. These were small businesses. Their Federation of Worker Enterprises petitioned the government to be placed under state ownership. It was an indication both of the increased political awareness of the workers about their plant's relationship to the larger economy, and the increasingly blurred line between state and worker. Allende's government, however, wanted to concentrate on the large enterprises already in the socialized sector of the economy and did not act on the federation's petition.

The authors spend over half the book testing various hypotheses about worker participation. They find that the presence of a strong Community Party or Christian Democratic Party in the work place had a strong negative impact on the level of worker participation since neither party genuinely believed in rank-and-file power. They found that "those groups which sponsored a clearer, more aggressive strategy for taking state power were the same groups that developed more effective systems of workers' power at the level of the enterprise." It also became apparent that when the product line was amenable, the workers generally shifted production away from luxury goods toward consumer items. Since the prices of most basic consumer items were controlled throughout the Allende period, such a move often meant lower revenues for the enterprise. In one case, a food processing and canning factory in Santiago, the workers denounced one of their former products for having practically no nutritional value. The product was redesigned with the help of a technical team to contain 85 percent more protein and the price was lowered by 35 percent. "In all, twelve of the thirty-five factories in our sample changed their line of products."

The authors examine closely the impact of worker management on the wage structure, on interindustry coordination, in innovation, investment patterns, and community involvement. I have only one minor criticism of the book. I'd prefer more anecdotes and somewhat less reliance on statistical tables. It would have been better to relegate the formulas and graphs to the back of the book, and let the statisticians among us probe their veracity. This is not really an academic text but my experience is that there are many who will not benefit from its wisdom because they are frightened by complicated calculations.

I must add my particular delight to have been sent this book immediately after receiving the most recent Annual Report of the Inter-American Foundation. IAF receives $23 million in U.S. Government funding, and prides itself on its community-based operations. The recent report contains a special section on worker self-managed enterprises, and the entire section is on Chile. It says, in part:

> Worker self-management in Chile dates back to the late 1960's. From 1967 to 1970 the number of WSME grew from 4 to 55 employing an average of 40 workers. . . . However, with the 1970 election of Salvador Allende, the government's commitment to worker self-management dwindled in favor of more centralized forms of industrial democracy. While those WSME already established continued, relatively few new firms were created. Following the overthrow of Allende in 1973, the self-management movement in Chile has experienced a period of growth with the sale to workers' groups of firms formerly owned by the government.

I called the President of IAF, but he did not return my calls. The director of IAF's operations in Chile and I had an Alice in Wonderland conversation

David Morris is co-director of the Institute for Local Self-Reliance, Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about the definition of worker self-management. For Espinosa and Zimbalist there is no need for a postscript on the role of the self-managed sector after Allende's assassination and the end of political democracy in Chile. One cannot separate the social climate and the workings of an individual company. IAF's assistance to Chile is less a statement of its concern for worker self-management than a financial support to a social system that makes the phrase meaningless and hollow. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

I have skipped John Travolta in *Saturday Night Fever* because the ads display him in a discothèque *macho* pose with which I feared it might be hard to cope; and I haven't seen *Grease* during its interminable months on Broadway because the title hit me as counter-seductive. That sort of prudery no doubt disqualifies me as an audience for the screen blowup of the musical, but Paramount invited me to a preview at one of New York's biggest neighborhood popcorn houses, so I thought, what the hell.

And a kind of hell it turned out to be. First the noise: the sound track blasts away at a decibel level you might expect to encounter if trapped in an elevator with a transistor-equipped messenger boy. At that intensity, speech is intelligible only in fragments, like anxious cries flung about in a full gale, and music is not easily distinguished from the roar of heavy traffic. Not that I got the impression of losing anything very distinguished in the way of dialogue, lyrics or score.

Then the cast: we are supposed to be on and about the campus of Rydell High some time in the 1950s, but the students look to be at least in their mid-20s; rather mature, that is, even for college upperclassmen. Since the dominant preoccupations of these flowers of American youth in the era of James Dean are to play doctor in parked cars and to make the zoom-zoom noises of a child obsessed by internal combustion, the effect is disagreeably one of mental retardation.

It is perhaps unfair to say so, since Randal Kleiser's direction appears to demand at all times a maximum output of undirected energy in surroundings of total confusion, but these young men and women do not seem to be conspicuously talented. They twitch rather than act, and their faces display an undifferentiated animation. They take part in dance routines based on the fling-about apache style of the film's period, but these production numbers lack shape and the individual techniques on show are not sufficiently brilliant to qualify as commercial entertainment (i.e., something you pay to see). It is not enough to reproduce a spring dance of twenty-some years ago in good old Rydell's gymnasium; you have to come up with an idea to give all that effort some point. If Frankie Avalon's camp performance as the M.C. of the evening was supposed to be that, it wasn't enough.

Though *Grease* is obviously intended to effervesce with adolescent joy of life, its unifying human characteristic is stupidity expressed in hysteria—a not very merry conceit. There is just one girl, pug-nosed and husky-voiced (I'm sorry that I cannot spot her in the cast of characters), whose eyes betray intelligence; from time to time, she throws a startled glance at the camera, as though seeking the way out.

Travolta wags his hips, combs his heavy hair and alternates between cool and uncouth; Olivia Newton-John, his co-star, is the very image (probably intended) of Disney's Snow White—until, in the final moments, she dons black satin tights and wags *her* hips along with the others. This sort of behavior may be intended as satire, but it is informed by no point of view and is therefore a mere exploitation of once-popular clichés. God knows, there is almost no aspect of American life that could fail to profit from a Swift, but *Grease* has no sting; it is an ear-splitting emollient. □

ARCHITECTURE / JANE HOLTZ KAY

To Chippendale or not to Chippendale. That is the question that has exercised America's designers ever since architect Philip Johnson decided to top Manhattan's new American Telephone and Telegraph building with the broken pediment that suggests Aunt Harriet's old bureau.

While you and I muddle around down here on the steamy asphalt, the nation's architects are lifting their eyes unto these AT&T heights. The fifty-or-so story structure beneath the rooftop will endure; the boring box is today's urban given. But the crest, Johnson has shown, can be carved to the last inch without violating the American way of design.

Today Chippendale, tomorrow Hepplewhite. And why not? Why should we suffer a stoop-high, gutterside view of city life? Ground level be hanged; a new rooftop architecture has loftier possibilities. Let America's designers map out a sky-high walking tour. Imagine glass-top buses; think of guided walks, the tourists' eyes cast up toward the Great Beyond. If styles are to be unencumbered by functional restraints, the range of architecture is endless.

Herein but a few skyline styles within our reach:

Golden Arch Romanesque: Plastic is tacky. Cities everywhere have banned the commercial yellow arch, but the Romanesque version is another tale. Place a curve of granite or brownstone rocks atop a high-rise and you suggest stability, dignity, eternity. The ponderous stone form of ancient days is an image seeker's delight.

Elevated Entrails. Red, yellow, green and blue are the color of the steam pipes, water pipes, sewer pipes that tool cheerfully through the most vanguard architecture. Everywhere, that is, except on the roof where they began. Our Brave New World of skyline design will return the chimney to the roof, and then some, as pipes, stacks and a rainbow of exposed innards go roofward in a jungle gym high above the city.

Pan Fry Colonial: No need to be strictly architectural. Put a corporate

STATE AND MIND

State and Mind is a major voice in the movement seeking to integrate a psychological and political consciousness. It exposes the mental health industry, discusses therapy and alternatives to therapy, and explores the personal/political aspects of everyday life. Since 1970, *State and Mind* (formerly RT: A Journal of Radical Therapy, Rough Times, and The Radical Therapist) has published articles, poetry, and news about alternative mental health, women's, prisoners' and gay issues. Published quarterly.

State and Mind, P.O. Box 89
Somerville, Massachusetts 02144

Subscription Rates:

$4.00 Individual — $10.00 Institutions
$ .50 Back Issues — $ 1.00 Sample Copy

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

symbol atop the roof. The world's largest frying pan, for instance, handle to the fore, might grace the headquarters of some fast-food chain; a French-fry basket would make an elegant grid, bobbing aloft, or a sizzling griddle serve the pancake fans. Line the sky-high pot with foil for the world's most conspicuous solar collector.

Design with Nature: Why settle for a rooftop garden when the arbor lover can plant a forest fifty stories up? No longer will linden-tree freaks have to fret over passing dogs, bumping cars and knife-wielding vandals who batter their street trees. Far above the crowd, the city forest stretches to the smoggy sky.

"Shingle-Style" Security: Architectural historian Vincent Scully has singled out this style as pure American, a cross-hatched wood that covered many a 19th-century Newport mansion. Why not put this or other made-in-USA modes on a heavenly plane? Greek Revival, Italianate, Victorian gingerbread. Perch any or all—new, old, recycled—atop a steel grid or mirrored ice-cube form and you have heart with your high-rise. A cozy rooftop talisman.

God-is-in-the-spire Gothic: Old-time religion needn't corner the market on spires. Any high-minded soarer can also have a peak in the sun. One size fits all. Never mind high-minded. Surely some down-to-earth business venture can match the heavenly aspirations of the Chrysler folks almost half a century ago.

Oh! Beautiful Billboard: Let's go the whole hog—not just a sculpted rooftop pig for Armour, a super-donut for Dunkin' or a Claes Oldenburg lipstick for Revlon. But a total look: a good old-fashioned billboard on the roof. Instant nostalgia. Do it with neon or—huzzahs!—flashing lights.

The list, of course, is limitless, bounded only by paucity of imagination. For Johnson's period piece is just the chip, so to speak, of the Chippendale. Has not the nation that brought us the Camel-smoking façade the vision to go beyond the flat top, the slant top, the dresser-scroll style of our narrow-minded designers? Our architects are the victims of Small Think; they are tied by vestigial links to street life and slight traces of the utilitarian. But why should others mire in their earthly woes? Advance image makers. The sky, as they say, is the limit. □

FEET HURT?
RELAXES "FOOT MISERY"
AMAZING FOOTCARE THERAPY
TREATMENT LOTION
One bottle eliminates using dangerous razor blades, knives, sandpaper discs, pumice stones, gadgets, harmful Salicylic Acid corn patches, callous pads, acid creams, lotions, salves, powders and sticks. Moisture activates away corns, callouses, soreness in bunions, ingrown nails, burning, tired, aching flakey skin, cracked heels. Stops odor, fungus, sweatiness. Wear any new shoe style. 4 fl. oz.
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!
Send $3.98 in check or money order to:
A. J. I. PRODUCTS, INC.
1555½ WEST 85th STREET
L.A., CA 90044

DANCE / Nancy Goldner

Paul Taylor's latest season, at the City Center, was an assembly of his latest hits, with revivals of two early ones for good measure. *3 Epitaphs* (1956, revised 1960) and *Aureole* (1962), which have not been seen in New York for some time, confirm what one suspects about authentic artists—they hit their stride early in the game. In *3 Epitaphs* Taylor puts us on another planet and immediately convinces us that disorientation is delightful. The dance is set to brass-band rumblings from the rural South. The music is said to be a precursor of jazz. It sounds prehistoric, in a friendly sort of way. We perceive the dancers as silhouettes whose milky-black unitards, designed by Rauschenberg, smudge the dividing line between the corporeal and the aerial. We track them by reflectors they wear on their heads and wrists. One of these creatures is tall and one is short. The short one shadows the tall one with devout doggedness, and that's how Taylor begins to turn these featureless blobs into signatures of earthly life. Later on in the charade the short one turns on the tall one, but these small victories are few and far between.

The creatures on Taylor's planet are generally shy, a little sad, and decidedly sad sack. The jazzy configurations they often strike, hips and heads thrown flippantly to the side, fall just this side of full realization of a jazz image, as the music falls just short of what it heralds. It's the tension between the formative and developed that gives *3 Epitaphs* its bite, while the creatures' own tentative stabs at witty gesture keep the piece's emotional tone in balance. At heart they're furry wombats always scurrying into shadows, but they have backbones too.

3 Epitaphs is an inspiration. By now it's familiar, but seeing it again doesn't detract from the pleasant shock that attends on inspired ideas. Once again, too, one is pleased by *Aureole*'s harmony, tenderness and prankishness. It seems perfectly sized to its intentions and perfectly content in the neat fit. That is one reason why *Aureole* has an aura of classicism. Taylor's new piece this season, *Airs*, also looks classical but for a different reason. The steps are so typically Taylorian that they acquire patina. It's a good measure of Taylor's achievement to say that his works gain stature by virtue of their typicalness. To say that *Airs* is just like *Aureole* in color (rosy) and shape (round) pays it a compliment and testifies to Taylor's unforced ear for music: both dances are set to Handel; ergo, they're sisters. Yet *Airs*' pervasive resemblance to *Aureole* does diminish its importance, and I do not think *Airs* as good a dance as *Aureole*. Beneath *Aureole*'s quiet glow is a rigorous economy of composition. The dance swims along on only about three different steps, and in this way it becomes a tour de force, as secretly conceived as the three-step *Esplanade* is flamboyantly conceived. As far as I can see, *Airs* is not buoyed by any such cohesive point of view. Two of its nine sections do have a story to tell, and naturally they are the highlights. One of them is a duet for Ruth Andrien and Elie Chaib, in which folk-dance steps are melded into a nonfolk idiom with as much grace and ease as ever I've seen. The second of them manipulates bravado acrobatic stunts into gentle love play between Carolyn Adams and Christopher Gillis. She climbs onto the caps of his knees, is slowly swung around like a boat in full sail, and tenderly alights on land. The transformation from circus to adagio is instantly recognized, and it brings the house down.

The rest of *Airs* is pretty, because smooth gliding motions encased in orbed arms are pretty. The ending—Victoria Uris stretches yearningly while three couples solemnly promenade about her—is a bit heavyweight a conclusion for so feathery a dance, but I imagine that ballet companies will want to snap up

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Airs anyway, just as they have its prototype, *Aureole*. It's a sad reflection of our times that ballet companies must depend on modern dance choreographers to fill the *ballet blanc* slots in their repertories, but as long as the splendid Taylor company sets the standard of performance I think that the distinction between *blanc* and *blanc*-ish will be maintained. Taylor's company is the latter, and that is how it should be.

Meanwhile, our font of classicism is having a peculiar season. With Balanchine recuperating from an illness, the New York City Ballet has had to fill its two première slots with hasty improvisations. The second, and luckier, of these events is cautiously titled *A Sketch Book*, offered as "pages from the choreographers' notebooks." Sheltered under the title are four dances. From Martins's notebook comes a *pas de deux* for Heather Watts and Sean Lavery to selections from Rossini's *Sins of My Old Age*. From Robbins's comes fencing dances and exercises to Handel and von Biber; a solo for Daniel Duell to a Telemann violin solo; and, to excerpts from Verdi, a dance for Kyra Nichols, Peter Martins and four boys. The fencing dance and Telemann solo are parts of larger projects; possibly the Rossini and Verdi are what they are now—pleasant *divertissement* that can fall under the City Ballet's short-ballet heading, *Pas de Deux*.

These fragments, works in progress, deliberate soufflés—or however one describes pinch hits—were performed in quick succession, demarcated by the black velvet(een) curtain used for Bolshoi highlights programs. It took the audience a while to settle into the short-take format, which might be why the exciting duet for the fencing Duell brothers didn't get the hand it deserved. As for myself, I'm still not settled in. For one thing, the title is misleading. None of the dances seems like a sketch; they all looked finished. Yet none of them was seen in proper, or full, context. Perhaps for this reason *A Sketch Book* strikes me as being a kind of *Airs*, its most distinguishing feature being its resemblance to other ballets.

The fencing ballet is obviously a novel idea. It begins with a team in high dress executing the basic fencing *pas* and proceeds into balletlike variations on fencinglike maneuvers. The shift from academy to stage, from austerity to fancifulness—indeed, the whole notion of choreography as lexicography—strikes close to the heart of Robbins's *Goldberg Variations*. Right now I don't see the point of faithfully rendering fencing positions only to abandon them for abstract essays in lunging. Yet it's all good looking. Besides, other ideas may be cooking. The flashing duet for Joseph and Daniel Duell, their swords brandishing whistles into the air, has exuberant menace; and setting it to von Biber's appealing barbaric sound is as inspired a collaboration as the *3 Epitaphs* accompaniment. At the beginning the fencers are handed their gear by a group of acolytes; there is much genuflecting. Will the complete *Arts of the Gentlemen* persuade karate fans to look into France?

The Telemann solo for Daniel Duell pays tribute to a supreme classical dancer and to the revolutionary means by which Balanchine defined the new male classicism in *The Four Temperaments*. Absolved from the obligatory tours and promenades, the male body is softened into configurations of *plastique*, its nobility deriving from mass and weight as it emerges through delicately articulated movement. Duell's serene authority is just the right quality to bring this restatement of virility to fruition. It's a handsome dance, somewhat marred by Robbins's tendency to overblow the modesty implicit in such restatements. When a dancer begins his étude with his back to the audience, the next thing you want him to do is a flashy series of *entrechat*, just to screw up the revolution. When Verdi is going at full gallop, you want to see legwork and smiles, not the musically overarching promenades that Nicholas and Martins do—or that the couple in Robbins's *Other Dances* lay over a Chopin mazurka. Besides *Other Dances*, the Verdi *divertissement* reminds me of the airiness of Stravinsky's *Scherzo Fantastique*, and of

We don't mince words.

In the age of "People," gossip, TV news-as-entertainment and the proliferation of non-news features in leading news publications, The Nation continues to focus on the issues.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

I enclose $_____ payment for:

☐ 1 year (47 issues) $21.00 ☐ 2 years (94 issues) $37.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send to: ☐ Gift subscription 1 year $18.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

THE NATION

333 Sixth Avenue, New York, NY 10014

Add $1.00 per year for Canada and Mexico; add $2.00 per year for all other foreign subscriptions. Foreign Subscriptions: Equivalent U.S. Funds

7-1-78

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

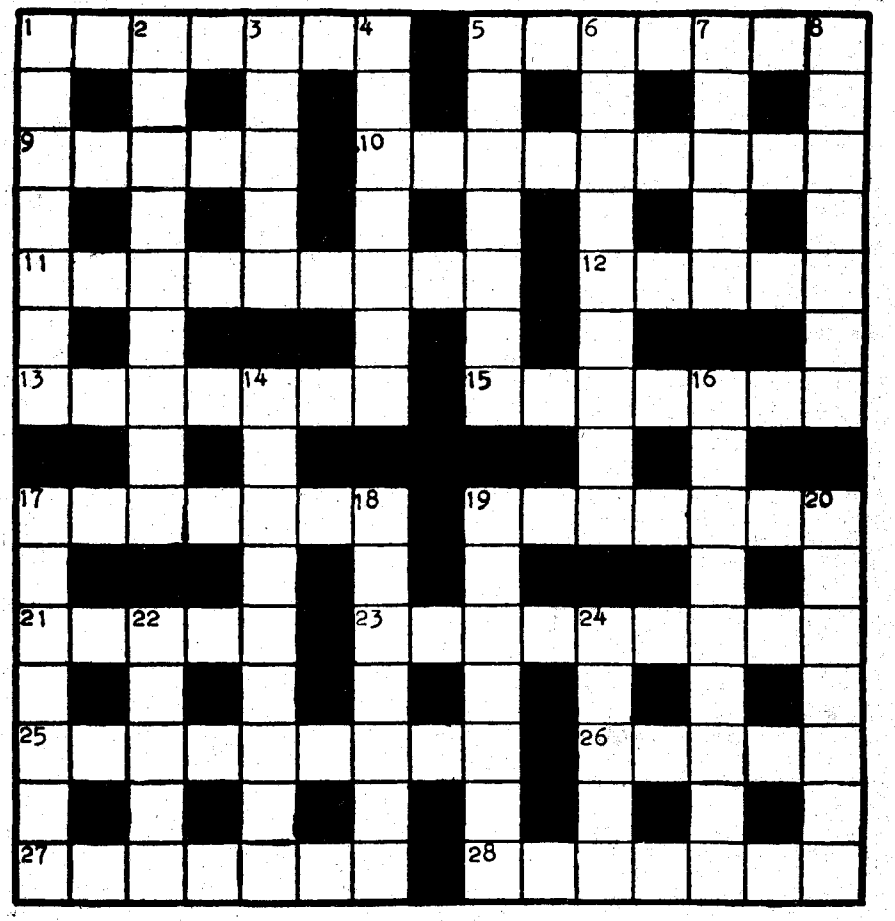
the lovely opportunity it provides for the male ensemble. Two of the boys in the Verdi have just graduated from the School of American Ballet and the other two are still pretty green. In this sense, the ballet looks to the future; in its most rewarding sense, it confirms Nichols's astounding proficiency and budding womanliness. Her variation of turns that keep reversing on themselves is reason enough to install the whole dance permanently into the repertory.

The Peter Martins installment is perhaps the most interesting, but I suspect this may be so because the choreographer it echoes is the most surprising. With its skimming lifts, its unpressed play on low-keyed, low-legged movement, it could be the kind of *pièce d'occasion* Ashton would have made ten years ago, before he got seduced by lush romanticism. The Rossini sounds like Chopin. Admirably, Martins avoids the gross weave Robbins uses for the most Chopinesque parts of his Verdi ballet. The Martins *pas de deux* is full of provocative knots, catchy turns of phrase. It is also full of repeats, which in their choice selectivity offers us not only clever choreography but intelligent self-criticism. Martins is intelligent all right, and the dance would have registered with more impact had Heather Watts performed it with half the voltage she's beamed on the adagio of *Symphony in C* or *Allegro Brilliante* this season.

Tricolore, the first of the premières, was intended to be Balanchine's finale to the high-spirited Entente Cordiale series. The composer Georges Auric, commissioned by Balanchine, had other ideas, possibly a sound track for a movie depicting Napoleon's retreat from Russia. It is mildly interesting to contemplate what Balanchine might have done with Auric, Basque dancing, Degas girls and a spiffy French honor guard. It is overwhelmingly fortunate to have it proved within a few weeks of the disaster that the three choreographers involved were not themselves in *Tricolore*. *A Sketch Book* rehabilitates Robbins and Martins. Jean-Pierre Bonnefous is enshrined, I think, with a little piece he did for children for the School of American Ballet's annual workshop. *Quadrille* asked of the 10- to 12-year-olds no more than they could give, and they complied with all the technical knowledge they have so far acquired. What they could not know, and thanks to Bonnefous's expertise did not need to know, is that they participated in a *Liebeslieder Walzer* for *kinder*. The audience knew it though, and it let Bonnefous know. *Quadrille* was the smash hit of a thoroughly smashing workshop program. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1733

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Oversize B-B's for the boss? (3-4)
5 See 17 across
9 Blemish? It isn't an ungrammatical equivalent. (5)
10 Were the charms of vocal music, when young? (9)
11 Look at the tail, as one might say. It may enhance some people. (3-6)
12 It revives impressions of a famous fountain, as you can see. (5)
13 The time Coward's Englishmen were uniquely accompanied? (7)
15 The poet who suggests what some beaches are? (7)
17 and 5 across It might make this sort of art get ranked, as one might assume. (4,3,7)
19 However, a good deal of weight might help hold your clothes on. (7)
21 Watch, perhaps, the one who knows how fast you ran. (5)
23 and 26 Where some New Yorkers hide at breakfast, if not mod. (6,3,5)
25 The quality of some trees is a splendid equivalent in less roundabout fashion. (9)
26 See 23 across
27 You might have them on something you badly want, such as pretty fabrics.
28 Was it once used on a blue 4 down, if you followed the customary schedule?

DOWN

1 and 22 down Some people insist it should be a fast time. (7,5)
2 Not a novel about the Birdwoman—one might consult it on the way. (5,4)
3 Some foul-up in the time spent? (5)
4 An arrangement for a duet, say, with one's child being traditionally graceful.
5 Dresses to do up inside old warehouses.
6 If you're going to have a flat, it might as well be here. (9)
7 In the form of what's yours, possibly old. (5)
8 Bearing this, with composure. (7)
14 Off-putting, in a sense. (9)
16 Iron metal forged for the brave one, no doubt. (4,5)
17 Acted like a teller. (7)
18 Professional lifters, as one might say. (7)
19 He's best employed with your mandates, perhaps. (7)
20 Don't change, young man—it might look well on you! (7)
22 See 1 down
24 Well-known disappearance of Edward, by implication. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1732

ACROSS: 1 Flower beds; 6 Bang; 10 Yielded; 11 Mention; 12 Fast; 13 Dollar bill; 15 Topmast; 16 Sanctum; 17 Embroil; 20 Emerson; 22 Above board; 23 Burr; 25 Dodgers; 26 Turn-off; 27 Easy; 28 Speculator. DOWN: 1 Fly off the handle; 2 Opens up; 3 Ends; 4 Bedpost; 5 Dimples; 7 Animist; 8 and 18 Gentlemen Prefer Blondes; 9 Entrances; 14 Can opener; 19 Looks up; 20 Erratic; 21 Shutout; 24 Oral.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classified

**$3.00 per line/2 line minimum;
6 words (45 characters or spaces) per line.
Payment must accompany all orders.
Send to Classified Dept., The Nation,
333 Sixth Avenue, NYC 10014.**

PUBLICATIONS

"TECHNOCRACY—Technological Social Design" available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives Marxist viewpoint on national and international news. Special 6-week trial subscription, $1. Full year $17. GUARDIAN, Dept. N, 33 West 17th Street, New York City 10011.

READ UNITE!, twice-monthly newspaper of the Marxist-Leninist Organizing Committee. Covers trade unions from the revolutionary viewpoint of the proletariat. No other U.S. periodical reports on the Black and Chicano struggles for national self-determination or the battle of women against special oppression from a Marxist-Leninist perspective. Subscriptions: $8 per year. Two sample copies: $1. UNITE!; Dept. N; Box 8041; Chicago, IL 60680.

NON-FICTION CATALOG No. 1, used books. 25¢ to Richards, 314 Belle Isle, Pittsburgh, PA 15226.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

BOOKS FROM STOCK or will search. Friedman, Box 847, Easton, PA. 18042.

LITERARY SERVICES

AUTHORS: WANT to be published? Inexpensive subsidy publishing. MOJAVE BOOKS, 7040-A Darby Avenue, Reseda, California 91335.

EDITORIAL SERVICES—Free-lance rewrite, editing, copy editing, proofreading. 212-287-0026 or write Nation, Box 122.

RESEARCH, EDITING, WRITING, REWRITING. Prompt dependable, confidential, professional. Directed by Ph.D. Merit Writers Box 2842b, Springfield, Mass. 01101.

ANY SUBJECT RESEARCHED. Library of Congress, etc. $12 per hour; American Research Center. P.O. Box 32352N, Washington, D.C. 20007.

JEAN PIAGET Theories/Monographs/Conferences: Information: P.O. Box 77632, L.A. 90007.

PHOTOGRAPHY

COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICES—Experienced photographer and teacher. Studio or location. Instruction available for all ages. Bob Helmond, 212-284-4079 or write Nation, Box 124.

INSTRUCTION

SAXOPHONE LESSONS
with composer/performer
$15 per hour
(212) 532-8826.

RUSSIAN!
Speak, Read, Write—all levels
212/989-4266

EDUCATION

YOUR CHILD'S COLLEGE. What should you know? Pamphlet. $2 check/M.O. Oneota Valley, 612 Ridge Rd., Decorah, Iowa 52101.

WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE/SOUTHEAST is conducting a "Workshop in Nonviolence: A Study/Training Program for Organizers," July 21-26, in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Workshop will include sessions on the philosophy and politics of nonviolence, as well as the practical skills and techniques essential for such organizing. Cost is $35 for six days. For more information, contact WRL/SE, 108 Purefoy Road, Chapel Hill, NC 27514; (919) 967-7244.

ANIMAL LOVERS

NOW FOR ADOPTION
ALL PURE BRED . . . ALL FAMILY TRAINED
Irish setter . . . Eng Sheepdog . . . Labrador Dalmation . . . Shepherd . . . Weimaraner . . . Pug . . . Norwegian Elkhound . . . St. Bernard
AND THESE LOVABLE MIXED BREEDS
Cocker Poo . . . Shepherd . . . Basenji . . . Bull Terrier . . . Labrador . . . Eng Setter . . . Airedale . . . Collie . . . Dalmation. FREE SPAYING—FREE SHOTS—ADOPT A PET THIS WEEK—No animals are killed! And non-profit contributions are tax-deductible.
VISIT OUR LOVELY SHELTER
Open Every Day, incl. Sat & Sun., to 9 at Nite
NORTH SHORE ANIMAL LEAGUE
Serving N.Y.—N.J.—CONN.
South St. Port Washington, L.I. 516-883-7575.
Only 5 min from Exit 36, L.I. Expressway

FOR SALE

COMPUWRITER II, Mag Set, Developer and two type fonts. Barely used, excellent condition. Call Ann Epstein at **The Nation,** 242-8400.

**Ask About Our Low Rates
For Display Ads**

APARTMENT WANTED

ONE BEDROOM, sep. kitchen, in West Village, Call Kai 242-8400.

COUNTRY PROPERTY

SPLENDID HOUSE in Newbury, Vt. Country kitchen with fireplace, large living room, cherry-wood parlor, spiral staircase, 5 bedrooms. Large barn and new shed. Pond. 50 acres on dead-end road. $75,000. 802-222-5798.

PERSONALS

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Est. 1970. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA. 19081.

SINGLE? Nationwide introductions! Identity, Box 315-TN, Royal Oak, Michigan 48068.

LONELY??? FIND YOUR LIFEMATE. Nationwide. Details $1. ELITE, Box 64, New York City 10019

SWINGERS. Discreet personal introductions, couples-singles. Plamates, Box 3355, York, Pennsylvania 17402. (717) 848-1408

DEAR EDDY,
How are the raspberries on Abels Hill?
Love & kisses—Anon.

JOBS WANTED

COLLEGE GRAD, experienced in labor relations, seeks position as para-legal trainee. Please send job description to Nation Box 126.

EMPLOYMENT

PRESTIGIOUS MAGAZINE seeking competent indexer for major free-lance assignment. Please send resumes. Nation, Box 114.

AMATEUR SINGERS WANTED
Nightclubs, concerts, records, band, record required. Must speak English. Manager (212) 974-9300.

MISCELLANEOUS

FINE WALKING STICKS and canes. Write for brochure. Marchele Co. Dept. N 720 Fort Washington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10040

ANTI-NUCLEAR PARAPHERNALIA for organizers for fund raising. "No Nukes" T-Shirts, Bumperstickers, buttons, Colt, Box 271-N, New Vernon, N.J. 07976.

WANTED. Active members for THE COMMITTEE FOR THE ON-GOING REVOLUTION. Don't just stand there! JOIN NOW. For information write COMFORT, 605 W. 47 St., Suite 114, Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS for Prison Ministry to Rev. Charles E. Heath, Box 901, Jal, New Mexico 88252.

Recipe for vegetarian **TEXAS CHILI.** Send $2.00 to F-L, Box 20527, Dallas, Texas 75220.

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. New. Information: N26, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

ARE
YOU
BUYING
OR
SELLING
REAL ESTATE?

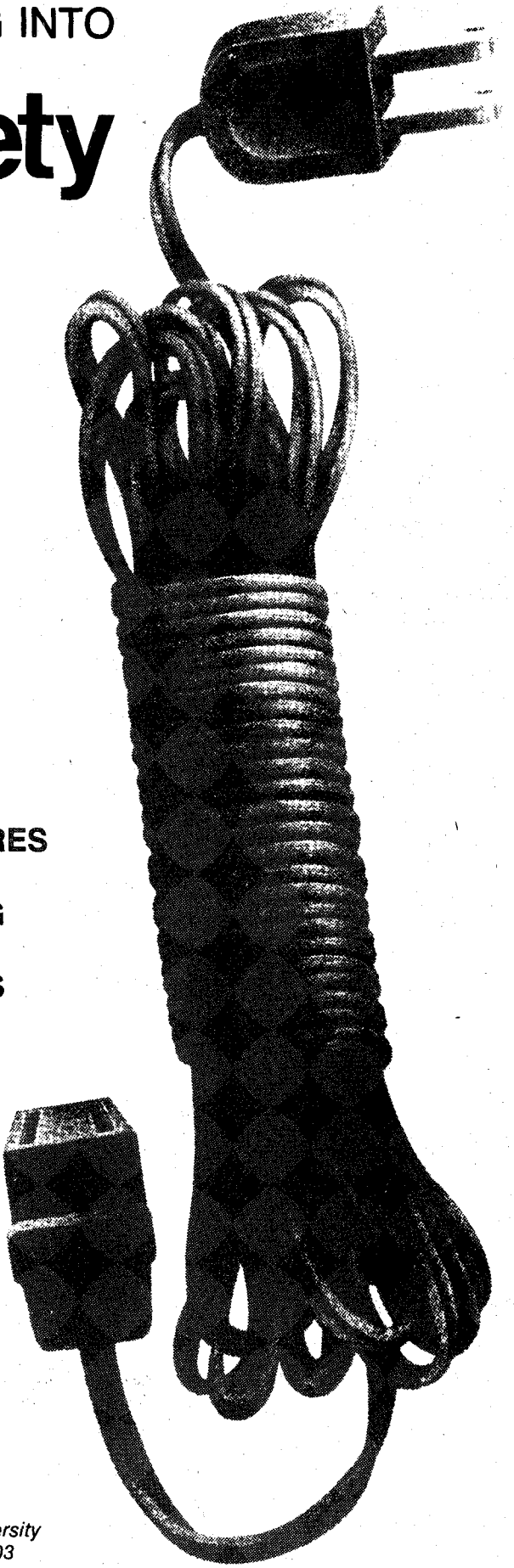
ADVERTISE
IN
THE NATION.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PLUG INTO

Society

The Magazine of Social Science and Public Policy



1978 (Volume 15)
Special Issues on:

HUMAN RIGHTS
GROWTH/NO GROWTH
SOCIAL SCIENCE FUTURES
AMERICAN RELIGIONS
THE POLITICS OF AGING
SOCIOBIOLOGY
PRESIDENTIAL POLITICS

Contributors:

Anthony
Barash
Beach
Becker
Bell
Bellah
Blalock
Boguslaw
Boulding
Bozeman
Bromley
Claven
Cohen
Daniels
Doress
Douglas
Estes
Fuller
Glock
Greeley
Griffin
Gusfield
Hardin
Harris
Heilman
Hess
Hillery
Holton
Hoselitz
Hudson
Hull
Kirk
Kissinger
Korey
Kranzberg
Lifton
Morgenthau
Peterson
Piazza
Porter
Pratt
Pribram
Raskin
Rex
Richardson
Riesman
Robbins
Rokkan
Roof
Said
Sarason
Schuessler
Shupe
Simmonds
Singer
Sloane
Steinmetz
Stewart
Stone
Tobin
Toch
van den Bergh
Vinyard
Wald
Wallis
Whyte
Wiener
Wilson
Wrong
Zander
Zelditch

Individual:	*Institution:*
1 year $15.00	1 year $18.00
2 years $28.00	2 years $35.00
3 years $40.00	3 years $50.00

SOCIETY *Rutgers • The State University*
New Brunswick, N.J. 08903

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED